

-THREE-PENCE-

The LUDGATE MONTHLY



Contributions
BY
LUKE SHARP,
LIONEL MAPLESON,
F. E. HARMAN,
etc., etc.,
and Song by
Edward Oxenford.

83 ILLUSTRATIONS



No. 6, Vol. 1.

Published at 4 & 5, CREED LANE,
LUDGATE HILL, LONDON, E.C.

October, 1891.

FLORILINE

FOR THE TEETH & BREATH.

Is the BEST LIQUID DENTIFRICE in the World.

Prevents the Decay of the Teeth.

RENDERS THE TEETH PEARLY WHITE.

Removes all Traces of Tobacco Smoke.

Is partly composed of Honey, and Extracts from Sweet Herbs and Plants.

IS PERFECTLY HARMLESS & DELICIOUS TO THE TASTE.

Of all Chemists and Perfumers throughout the World, 2s. 6d. per Bottle.

FLORILINE TOOTH POWDER

Put up in Glass Jars, Price 1s.

THE ANGLO-AMERICAN DRUG COMPANY, Ltd.,
33, FARRINGDON ROAD, LONDON, Proprietors.

POSITIVELY THE BEST HAIR DRESSING.

EDWARDS'

"HARLENE"

WORLD-RENOWNED

HAIR PRODUCER

AND

RESTORER.

Positively forces Luxuriant Hair, Whiskers and Moustachios to grow heavily in a few weeks, without injury to the Skin, and no matter at what age.



AFTER USE.



AFTER USE.

The World-renowned Remedy for **BALDNESS** from whatever cause arising. As a **PRODUCER** of WHISKERS and MOUSTACHIOS it has never been equalled. As a **CURER** of WEAK or THIN EYELASHES, or **RESTORING GREY HAIR TO ITS ORIGINAL COLOUR, NEVER FAILS.**

Physicians and Analysts pronounce it to be perfectly harmless and devoid of any Metallic or other Injurious Ingredients.

1s., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., and 5s. 6d. per Bottle, from Chemists, Hair Dressers, and Perfumers all over the World, or sent direct, on receipt of 1s. 4d., 2s. 10d., 3s. 11d., and 6s. Postal Orders preferred.

MANUFACTURED ONLY BY

EDWARDS & Co.,
5, NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.C.

Special Offer to Readers of THE LUDGATE MONTHLY.

A 5s. 6d. TRIAL BOTTLE FOR 3s.

We bind ourselves to send to any reader of THE LUDGATE MONTHLY who sends us this Coupon, with a Postal Order for 3s., and 6d. to cover postage, package, etc., one regular 5s. 6d. Bottle of Edwards' Instantaneous HARLENE, provided it is ordered within one month from date of Coupon. We make this offer solely for the purpose of making our specialité more widely known, without expending enormous sums in advertising, feeling sure that once having tried HARLENE you will never give up its use for any other preparation. By this offer the public reap the benefit. Address all orders with Coupon. Dated October 1st, 1891.

COUPON.

COUPON.



Harness' Electropathic Belts are very comfortable to wear, and the mild continuous currents of electricity which they imperceptibly generate naturally and speedily invigorate the debilitated Constitution, assist digestion and assimilation, giving strength to every nerve and muscle of the body, and effectively preventing chills and rheumatic pains, which so many people are, unfortunately, subject to in this country, where the climate is so changeable. It seems, and is, a simple remedy; but it is as sure as it is simple, and the number of unsolicited testimonials we have received from all classes of society amply prove that we do not exaggerate when we say that **Harness' Electropathic Belts** have completely cured thousands of men and women in all parts of the world, most of whom had obtained no relief from medicine, and many of them had been pronounced by their family doctors as positively "incurable."

MEN'S SUFFERINGS.

MEN to whom life is a burden, who have lost hope, and have resigned themselves to an existence of secret misery and silent suffering, should know that peace of mind and body is still within their reach, and all the distressing symptoms of impaired vitality and lost vigour may yet be overcome if they will stop taking poisonous "pick-me-ups" and quack medicines, and adopt Mr. Harness' world-famed Electropathic treatment. During the past ten years this safe, pleasant, and rational method of cure has given new life and vigour to thousands of men whose obstinate cases had been pronounced by the faculty as "perfectly hopeless." All therefore who are in search of health are invited to call without delay at the Electropathic and Zander Institute, 52, Oxford Street (at the corner of Rathbone Place), London, W., where the President, Mr. C. B. Harness, and the other officers of the Medical Battery Company (Limited), may be consulted without charge, either personally or by letter. Experience having taught them that, in the treatment of intricate and obscure affections—often of a most private character—nervous delicacy has prevented some of their patients from giving full information regarding their symptoms and past habits, the Company urgently recommend those seeking the advice of their consulting officers to describe their cases freely and without reserve. All communications are, of course, regarded as strictly private and confidential. There are at the present moment many members of the English nobility, as well as naval and military officers, wealthy merchants, and others who gratefully bless the day they discarded prejudice and placed themselves under the care of the experienced medical electricians and trained operators of the Electropathic and Zander Institute, whose skill has transformed many a debilitated man from a miserable, morbid invalid, into a healthy, vigorous member of society. Gentlemen who are anxious to enjoy the many pleasures which come within the reach of the upper classes, but which can only be appreciated when accompanied by the greatest of all blessings—health of mind and body—should call to-day, if possible, or write at once, for a descriptive illustrated pamphlet and book of testimonials. The Company's only address is the Electropathic and Zander Institute, 52, Oxford Street, London, W., which is the largest electro-medical establishment in the world.



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

Miss JOLLITZ: But really, you should not be afraid of lightning, Mr. Tompkins; you know it only strikes attractive bodies.

KEATING'S POWDER.

The **PUBLIC** are **CAUTIONED** that packages of the genuine powder bear the autograph of **THOMAS KEATING.**

KILLS

**BUGS,
FLEAS,
MOTHS,
BEETLES,
MOSQUITOES.**

HARMLESS TO ANIMALS.

HARMLESS TO ANIMALS.

KILLS

**BUGS,
FLEAS,
MOTHS,
BEETLES,
MOSQUITOES.**

Sold in Tins, 6d. and 1s. each, everywhere.



THE BROKEN ONE.

LADY : What's the matter, my little man ?

BOY : Leander Binks giv my girl half an orange, an' she's run off with him.

LADY : Oh, never mind, you can soon find another sweetheart.

BOY : Nay, nay! sweet lady. Wedlock is not for me ; my only hope is to fill an early grave.



UNFORTUNATE.

BROGAN : Arrah, begob! Jist moi luck ; another wake at Fagans' an' oi haven't got over the last wan yit.

The Favourite Confection.

WORLD-WIDE SALE.

SKUSE'S HERBAL TABLETS

Prepared from the Finest Aniseed, Horehound, Coltsfoot, Marshmallow, and other choice Herbs.

Sold everywhere in 3 oz. tins, 3d. Three, post free, 1s.

WORKS:

106, PRAED STREET, W.

THOMSON'S "Glove-Fitting" CORSET.

PERFECTION! Sold by all Drapers. One million pairs annually.



PRICE—

D 10/6 F 6/6
E 8/6 G 5/-

Black 1s. extra.

Approved by the whole polite world.

NINE FIRST MEDALS.

If your Draper cannot supply you write direct to 49, OLD BAILEY, LONDON, giving size, and enclosing P.O.O., and the Corset will at once be sent you.

W. S. THOMSON & CO., LTD., MANUFACTURERS.

Made in Lengths, 13, 14, and 15 inch.



Delicious New Perfume.

CRAB APPLE BLOSSOMS

(EXTRA-CONCENTRATED).

"It is the daintiest and most delicious of perfumes, and in a few months has superseded all others in the boudoirs of the grandes dames of London, Paris, and New York."—*The Argonaut*.

300,000 BOTTLES SOLD LAST YEAR.

Made only by the

CROWN PERFUMERY CO., 177, New Bond St., W.

Sold Everywhere.

A GOOD HEAD OF HAIR



Is a charming and necessary addition to every person, no matter in what rank of Society they are in. How to get and keep it has often puzzled many, and the nostrums so largely advertised now, only tend to make them disgusted after use. **BARRY'S TRICOPHEROUS** has been before the public in America for over 100 years, and, to-day, has the largest sale of any preparation of its kind in the world. There is not a civilised country where it cannot be found, not through advertising, but simply by recommendation from those who have tried and approved of it. With regular use

**IT IS ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED TO
MAKE THE HAIR THICK, LUXURIANT, AND GLOSSY.**

TO PREVENT THE HAIR FALLING OUT.

TO REMOVE DANDRIF AND SCURF.

IT WILL PREVENT AND CURE

BALDNESS,

THE HAIR GETTING THIN,

ALL SCALP DISEASES.



TO REACH THE COLOSSAL SALES

OF 3,000 BOTTLES PER DAY, the Preparation must have some merit, and if further proof were required to certify to this, it is only necessary to say that scores of testimonials have been received from every country under the sun.



Prof. Barry's Tricopherous was not a discovery of chance, but the result of long and laborious scientific investigation. He began at the beginning and worked up step by step until he accurately ascertained the component parts of the hair structure. This enabled him to compound a chemical equivalent, which, if applied to the scalp according to directions will not only prevent the hair from falling out, but will, when it has fallen out, supply with mathematical exactness, that with which nature at first fostered its growth, and thereby cause it again to sprout up and grow with just as much certainty as that seeds cast into the ground will, in due time, produce a crop of their kind.

From the COUNTESS of ELGIN.

Government House, Quebec.

To PROFESSOR BARRY.

DEAR SIR,—I am instructed by the Countess of Elgin, now in Scotland, to request you to send her, per Canada Express, four boxes of your **Barry's Tricopherous for the Hair**, with the view of its being sent to England with the Earl of Elgin's other effects. As his Lordship's stay here may be short, please forward it at your earliest convenience. Lady Elgin also desires me to enquire if you have an agent in Britain for the sale of your **Tricopherous**, as her Ladyship and family connections highly approve of it.

I am, DEAR SIR, &c.,

AL. McEWAN,

Secretary to his Excellency the Earl of Elgin.

TO ENSURE ITS HAVING A FAIR TRIAL

We are prepared to send, post free, to everyone cutting out and forwarding the Coupon at foot, within two months from this date, a **3/-** Bottle for **2/-**, or 3 bottles for **5/9**, on receipt of Stamps or Postal Order. Nothing can be fairer than this offer, and we are equally confident that having once used it no lady will have any other.



This Coupon entitles holder to one 3/- bottle of BARRY'S TRICOPHEROUS, post-free for 2/-, providing it is received within two months of this date—October, 1891.

"THE BARCLAY COMPANY," 15, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.

"THE BARCLAY COMPANY," 15, ST. BRIDE STREET, LONDON, E.C.



APPLIED SCIENCE.

PROFESSOR PUGWIG : Be calm : a bee can sting only once in two minutes.

BOY : Once is enough for me. You may have the second one.



NOT SUCH A FOOL AS HE LOOKS.

CHIEF (to young lady who has come ashore for a ramble) : Young woman, I don't wish to be inhospitable, but you must leave here immediately. If my wives were to see your costume, my future life would be a never-ending misery.

WOULD YOU RATHER BE A BOY OR A GIRL ?

£1 1 0 for best Answer.
0 10 6 „ 2nd best.
0 5 0 „ 3rd „

NEW PRIZE COMPETITION FOR LADIES ONLY.

Full Particulars are given in

The WEDNESDAY JOURNAL for September 9th,

PRICE ONE PENNY.

Any Newsagent will get this for you, or a Copy sent free for Three Half-penny Stamps by the Publishers, 6, ST. BRIDE STREET, LONDON.

COMPETITION CLOSING OCTOBER 7.

DO YOU SUFFER FROM CORNS?
 THEN USE
ALLCOCK'S
CORN PLASTERS.

THEY AFFORD IMMEDIATE RELIEF.

ALLCOCK'S
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HAVE YOU BUNIONS OR ENLARGED TOE JOINTS?
 USE
ALLCOCK'S
BUNION PLASTERS.

They give EASE AT ONCE, and are far superior to any
 remedy of a similar kind.

Ask your Chemist for them, or send 1s. 1½d. in stamps to
 22, HAMILTON SQUARE, BIRKENHEAD.

GIVING THINGS AWAY.

"Did you ever know a trade built up by giving things away?" quoth the managing director of a large and successful business, and he immediately proceeded to answer his own question by saying, "I never did." Well, notwithstanding this adverse expert opinion, the dissuasion of friends, and the bugbear of expense, we decided to make the free gift of post-paid samples a feature in our business. We believed there to be instincts of fair-play, of discrimination, and recognition of fair dealing in the public mind which had hitherto never been properly gauged nor appreciated. We had one influential business adviser who favoured our plans. "You have a good thing," said he, "and your article is its own best advertisement." These two sentences, indeed, pithily embodied our own views and belief, and they have received the best of all possible endorsements, viz., SUCCESS.

We commenced this new method of business in a comparatively small way, inserting our advertisements in a few papers only to start with. The very next day after the first advertisement appeared twenty-six persons applied for gratis and post free samples of Frazer's Sulphur Tablets, and from that day—now some $2\frac{1}{2}$ years ago—to this upwards of Five Hundred Thousand (500,000) persons have applied and been supplied with the free samples.

Immediately after we commenced despatching samples to the stream of applicants whose letters began to flow in with increasing volume by every post, we began to experience favourable returns and results. Frazer's Sulphur Tablets, when seen and tested, were highly approved, and recognised to be as good as we said they were. Then orders began to pour in direct from the public themselves, and also through the wholesale drug dealing houses from whom chemists and medicine vendors obtain their supplies of medicine, and the sale has gone on increasing ever since, and it has now been necessary to form a limited liability company to provide the necessary capital to cope with the rapid and continuous growth of the business.

SULPHUR—the basis of Frazer's Sulphur Tablets—is chemically described as a non-metal, and has a medicinal reputation stretching away back almost to the days of Moses. It has, however, never been used to the extent it ought to have been, mainly because of its hitherto unpalatableness, and because it is so familiar and inexpensive. Doctors are apt to run after new

drugs, and to conclude that the more expensive medicine is, the better it must be; than which a greater fallacy never existed. Now we don't claim to be able to cure all and every ill that flesh is heir to with Frazer's Sulphur Tablets; very far from it. What we do claim is that Frazer's Sulphur Tablets are a sure and beneficent blood-purifying and skin-cleansing remedy. They are invaluable in the curative and preventive treatment of Fevers, whether Typhoid Typhus, Scarlet or Malarial; and to ward off, cure, or palliate attacks of Measles, Small-pox, and other infectious or epidemic disease, they have no equal in the whole field of medicine. They secure almost invariable immunity from attack in the midst of contagious disorders, from the effluvia of bad draining, decomposing vegetable matter, &c.; or, at the worst, the patient will have but a mild type of the disease. Their agreeable primrose hue and pleasant taste, allied to their great efficacy, make Frazer's Sulphur Tablets a gentle, safe, and sure laxative medicine for children. They are compact, pure, and harmless, and may be carried in the pocket to be taken at will. For ailing or disorganized women they are invaluable, as they may be taken at all times without repugnance or injury to the most delicate constitutions.

Acrid and other morbid or noxious elements in the blood are neutralised or ejected by the action of Frazer's Sulphur Tablets. The Tablets are therefore in the highest degree beneficial in Rheumatic Attacks, and in kindred complaints, Rheumatic Fever, &c. They modify pain, and give greater freedom and health to the limbs.

Frazer's Sulphur Tablets cleanse the skin from Eruptions, Eczema, Blackheads, Scrofulous and Scrofulous ailments by effecting an alterative effect in the blood, thereby ensuring purity and strength of flow, by which the blood is enabled to draw to itself more of the nutritive properties of food secreted from the stomach than can possibly be the case when it is impure. This alterative process, therefore, ensures strength, improved digestion, steadier nerves, and a clearer brain.

TEST THEM FREE OF CHARGE.

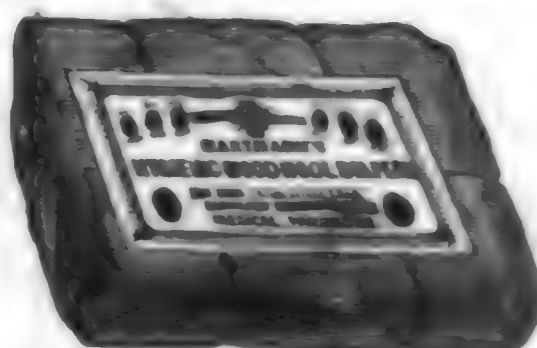
Samples of FRAZER'S SULPHUR TABLETS will be sent gratis and post free on application. Name "The Ludgate Monthly." Frazer's Sulphur Tablets are sold in packets, price $1/1\frac{1}{2}$ (post free $1/3$), and are for sale by Chemists and Medicine Vendors. Sole Proprietors, Frazer's Tablets, Limited, 11, Ludgate Square, London, E.C.

A GENUINE PRIZE COMPETITION



FOR

LADIES ONLY.



ANY LADY CAN COMPETE.

FIRST PRIZE **£10** FIRST PRIZE
SECOND PRIZE **£5** SECOND PRIZE
THIRD PRIZE **£1 1s.** THIRD PRIZE

THE SANITARY WOOD WOOL COMPANY, LIMITED, offer the above Prizes to Ladies for the best suggestions of the most delicate and effectual means of advertising, and bringing before the notice of ladies, their

HARTMANN'S HYGIENIC WOOD WOOL DIAPERS.

Competitors will notice how difficult an article this is to advertise and make thoroughly known, and encouraged by the testimonials we have received from the medical profession and nurses, we now offer the above prizes.

RULES.

The Competition is restricted to ladies, and will close on the 15th October, 1891.

Competitors may only send in one answer, and must give their full name and address; and the winners' names will not be published without their consent.

Envelopes must be addressed to THE MANAGERESS with PRIZE COMPETITION on left hand top corner.

Three experienced advertisers will judge for us as to which are the best results sent in.

Further particulars of the Competition, as well as a sample of the article, will be sent free of any charge on application.

Address—Prize Competition, The Manageress,

THE SANITARY WOOD WOOL COMPANY, LIMITED,
26, Thavies Inn, Holborn Circus, London.



HARTMANN'S

(Sample free on application.)

(HYGIENIC
WOOD WOOL)
Soft and Antiseptic.

DIAPERS.

INVALUABLE AT HOME & INDISPENSABLE TO LADIES TRAVELLING.

Made in 3 Sizes.

6d. Packet of 1 dozen packed in White Paper. 1s. 4d. Packet of 1 dozen packed in Blue Paper.
1s. 0d. Packet of 1 dozen packed in White Paper. 2s. 0d. Packet of 1 dozen packed in Gold Paper.

To be obtained of all Ladies' Outfitters, Drapers, and Chemists.

Sample Packets of 1 dozen post free for 13, 17, and 23, or 6 dozen for 66, 86, and 126, with descriptive circular containing testimonials from the principal Hospitals, and Leading Members of the Medical profession. Address—

THE MANAGERESS, THE SANITARY WOOD WOOL COMPANY, LIMITED,
26, Thavies Inn, Holborn Circus, London, E.C.



BARRY'S PEARL CREAM

for the
COMPLEXION

Imparts to the darkest skin a clear, natural white tinged with the faintest rose-blush. Speedily removes Wrinkles, Freckles, Sunburn and Tan, and mantles the faded cheek with youthful bloom and beauty. If not obtainable of your Chemist send P.O. or stamps for 2/9 to "THE BARCLAY COMPANY," 15, St. Bride Street, London, E.C., and a bottle will be sent per return of post.

This preparation is guaranteed to contain no injurious ingredients, and therefore may be used with perfect safety. It is beautifully perfumed and is sure to give satisfaction. **BARRY'S PEARL CREAM** is most efficacious in softening the skin and preventing its chapping, and in removing irritation arising from changes of weather. Be sure the name "BAROLAY & CO., New York" is on every bottle.

FIELDS

OZOKERIT

CANDLES

J. C. & J. FIELD, Ltd., LAMBETH, S.E.



A REASONABLE DEMAND.

SHE: No! Mr. Harding, it can never be. But I will always be a sister—

He (rising): Oh, that's the deal, is it? Well, then, sister, if you've got your thimble handy, I wish you would sew up the knees of my trousers that I have sacrificed in finding out our relationship.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER.

- | | | |
|---|----------------------|------------------------|
| 1.—Because it contains a merry thought. | 3.—Marriage. | 5.—Because it makes an |
| 2.—When it is a-jar. | 4.—When he reflects. | ass pass. |

Fifty-three Competitors answered all the Riddles correctly, and the Competition Editor has awarded the Prizes to the following :—

PRIZE WINNERS.

- 1st.—Rev. E. P. WEBER, Sheepwash Vicarage, Highampton, North Devon.
 2nd.—ALEXANDER SCOTT, 72, Main Street, Tollcross, Glasgow.
 3rd.—P. P. SHEEHAN, 93, Lower Baggot Street, Dublin.
 4th.—JAMES RICHARDSON, Inland Revenue, Menstrie by Stirling, N.B.
 5th.—SELINA BICKERS, 74, Northland Street, Exeter.
 6th.—Mr. STANDING, High Street, Rickmansworth, Herts.

WINNER OF CRICKET COMPETITION (JULY).

The GOLD WATCH for July has been won by Mr. A. R. LANE, Grove Villa, Grove Lane, Liverpool.

The Winner of August Cricket Competition will be given in our next Number.

AUGUST WORD COMPETITION.

Several persons tied in this Competition with 16 words each, using all the required letters once, and only once ; and the six Prizes are awarded to the following Competitors :—

Miss RITA ROBBINS, 59, Gore Road, Victoria Park, London.
 E. JEAYS, 25, Berners Street, Leicester.
 P. P. SHEEHAN, 93, Lower Baggot Street, Dublin.

R. WATERHOUSE, 30, London Road, Sheffield.
 B. H. WARRISS, Brigade Office, Shorncliffe Camp, Kent.
 Miss E. SHIRLEY WILLIAMS, 96, Oakfield Road, Anerley, S.E.

Ready 10th November, 1891.

THE LOST DIAMONDS.

A Story of thrilling interest, by

FLORENCE MARRYAT and CHARLES OGILVIE.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

224 Pages, well Printed, and COPIOUSLY ILLUSTRATED.

BOUND IN STIFF COVERS.

THE LOST DIAMONDS will be the first Volume of a Series of Novels by first class Authors, to be Published by The Ludgate Publishing Company, as "THE LUDGATE LIBRARY," at the popular price of One Shilling.

THE LOST DIAMONDS

Will be Ready, 10th November, 1891.

Ready, October 15th.

COVERS FOR BINDING THE FIRST SIX MONTHS' NUMBERS,

Handsomely Printed on Pale Lemon Cloth in Black and Gold.

PRICE 1s., OR FREE BY POST, 1s. 3d.

Can be Ordered through your Newsagent or Bookseller.

CLOTHED WITH AIR.

CELLULAR CLOTH is composed of small cells, in which the air is enclosed and warmed by the heat of the body. A perfect non-conducting layer is thus formed next the skin. Owing to the *Cellular* construction this cloth is much lighter and better ventilated than ordinary fabric, and is easier to wash. *Cellular* cloth is made in cotton, silk, silk and cotton, and merino.

**CELLULAR DRESS AND DAY SHIRTS.
CELLULAR NIGHT SHIRTS.
CELLULAR PYJAMAS.
CELLULAR VESTS AND PANTS.
CELLULAR UNDERWEAR FOR LADIES.
CELLULAR CORSETS.**

Illustrated price list, with names of 160 country agents, sent post free on application. A complete assortment of Stock at

**OLIVER BROS., 417, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.
ROBERT SCOTT, 14 & 15, POULTRY, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.**



RETURNING FROM THE HONEYMOON.

Mrs. YOUNG: Won't you put away your paper now, and talk for a while, Jack?

Mr. YOUNG: Yes, my love. Just wait till we get to the tunnel.



"I heard Mrs. Fisher say she wouldn't mind marrying that young man of yours."

"I'll never give her the chance. The man a widow would marry is pretty sure to make a good husband."

NEW NOVEL.

At all Railway Bookstalls, Libraries, &c.

NOW READY,

In Stiff Paper Cover, price 1s.,

"PERIWINKLE,"

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"The Wild Warringtons," "Gladys Arden's Disloyalty," &c.

REDUCTION OF GAS BILLS.

The "Ewart" GAS CONTROLLER.

Particulars at the

"LIGHTNING" GEYSER FACTORY:

346, 348, 350, Euston Road,

Between the Gower St. and Portland Rd. Stations
of the Metropolitan Railway.

A WONDERFUL MEDICINE.



If
Love
rules Court,
and Camp, and
Grove,
And Health, again, crowns
rosy Love,
Then BEECHAM'S PILLS, it
must befall,
By ruling Health,
will rule us all.

WORTH A GUINEA A
BOX.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

ST. HELENS
ENGLAND

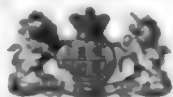
Prepared only, and sold Wholesale, by the Proprietor, THOMAS BEECHAM, St. Helens, Lancashire.

Sold by all Druggists and Patent Medicine Dealers everywhere, in Boxes, 9½d., 1s. 1½d., and 2s. 9d. each. Full directions with each box.

WM. POLSON'S CORN FLOUR.

The ORIGINAL and FIRST MANUFACTURED in GREAT BRITAIN.

Manufacturer by Special
Appointment to



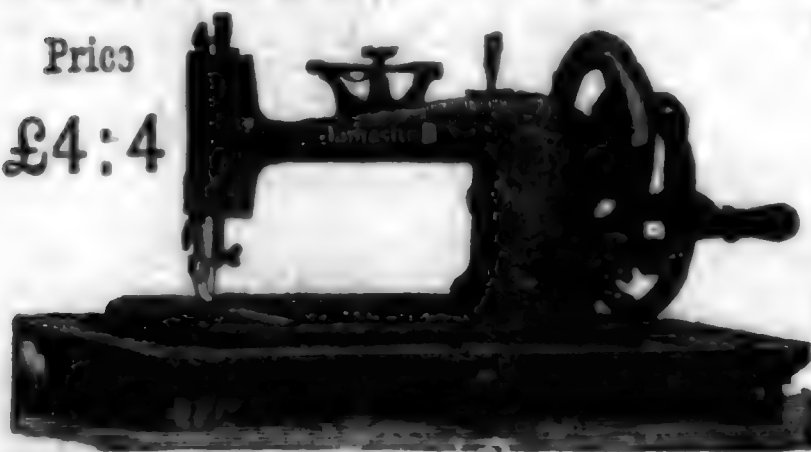
HER MAJESTY THE
QUEEN.

USED IN THE QUEEN'S HOUSEHOLD FOR MANY YEARS.

WM. POLSON & CO.,
PAISLEY AND LONDON.

THE AMERICAN 'DOMESTIC' HAND SEWING MACHINE.

Price
£4:4



Self-Setting Needles. Self-Adjusting Tensions. Powerful Feed. Plenty of Room under Arm and Presser Foot. Adjustable Shuttle, entirely Self-Threading. Very Large Bobbins, holding upwards of Fifty yards of Cotton. Loose Pulley for Winding Bobbin.

Nickel Plated and Ornamented, and complete with Cover, and the following accessories:—

12 Needles, 3 Hemmers, Quilter, 6 Bobbins, Guide and Screw, Oil Can (full of Oil), Screw Driver, and Instruction Book. Special Packing Box 2. Table and Stand for above, 32/-; with Two Side Drawers, 44 6.

PRICE £4:4

Liberal Discount for Cash. Write for fuller Particulars and Prospectus of our other Styles.

AMERICAN DOMESTIC SEWING MACHINE COMPANY, ST. BRIDE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

"BY a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. EPPS has provided our breakfast-tables with a delicately-flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of

EPPS'S (GRATEFUL, COMFORTING) COCOA

diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*The Civil Service Gazette.*





THE LUDGATE MONTHLY.


Contents.

	PAGE.
FRONTISPIECE - - - - -	322
By LOUIS GUNNIS.	
OLD DOCTOR RUTHERFORD - - - - -	323
By D. F. HANNIGAN. <i>Illustrated by</i> LOUIS GUNNIS.	
AN OPERA TOUR WITH MADAME PATTI - - - - -	332
By LIONEL MAPLESON. <i>Illustrated by</i> A. HITCHCOCK.	
DEATH COMETH SOON OR LATE - - - - -	342
By LUKE SHARP. <i>Illustrated by</i> C. HAMMOND.	
WINDSOR CASTLE AND ITS MEMORIES - - - - -	348
By PHILIP MAY. <i>Illustrated by</i> C. R. B. BARRETT.	
A LIFE'S HISTORY - - - - -	353
By PHILIP MAY. <i>Illustrated by</i> H. S. PERCY.	
OUR STREET - - - - -	364
By E. GOWING SCOPES. <i>Illustrated by</i> G. HUTCHINSON.	
FOOTBALL - - - - -	369
By C. W. ALCOCK. <i>Illustrated by</i> C. DAVIS.	
THE GOLDFIELDS OF MASHONALAND - - - - -	375
By F. E. HARMAN. <i>Illustrated by</i> the Author, and H. S. PERCY.	
WE MEET ONCE MORE - - - - -	383
Words by EDWARD OXENFORD. Music by JOHN HAWKEN.	


COMPETITION AWARDS, see Page xi. of Advertisements.

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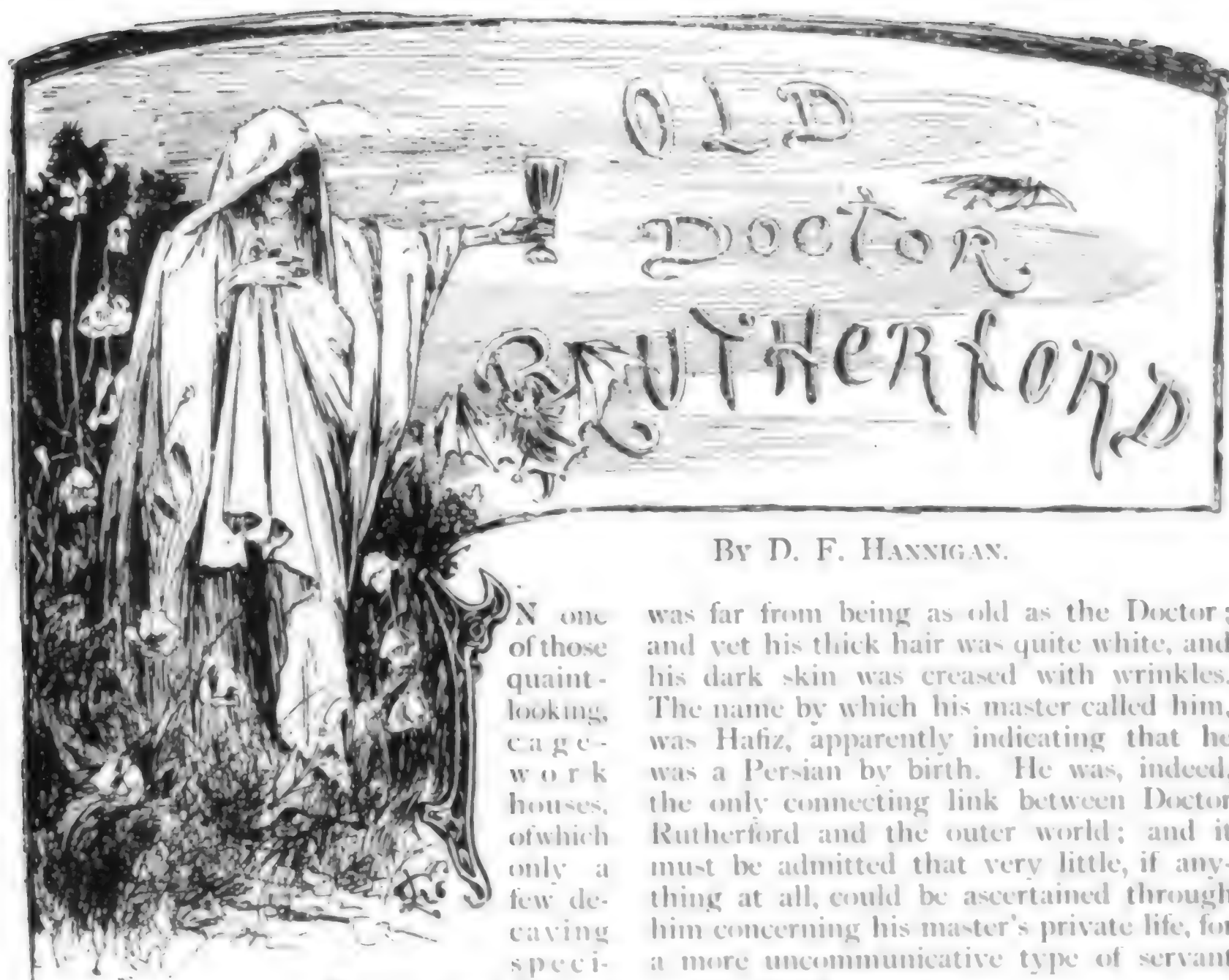
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"THE ELIXIR IS AS RED AS BLOOD!" DR. RUTHERFORD EXCLAIMED.



BY D. F. HANNIGAN.

None of those quaint-looking, cage-work houses, of which only a few decaying specimens now remain in Dublin, lived Doctor Humphry Rutherford. He was so old, that no person born within the past three generations could form even a general estimate of his age. He lived apart from society, and wore a costume that brought the minds of those who saw him back to the days when Jonathan Swift was still an infant in arms.

He was, indeed, a queer old man; and no wonder that some of his poorer and more superstitious neighbours regarded him as a restless ghost who had come back to re-visit the scenes of his former life. That old-fashioned peruke, those curious-looking shoe-buckles, those ruffles recalling the reign of Charles the Second, had nothing in common with the latter half of the nineteenth century; and so, if most people avoided him as something weird, uncanny, and phantom-like, they were, after all, only acting upon one of the most universal and deeply-rooted instincts of human nature.

This strange old personage had only one servant, who, curiously enough, was of foreign extraction. His features were of a tawny hue, and there was something of the Zingari about his entire appearance. He

was far from being as old as the Doctor; and yet his thick hair was quite white, and his dark skin was creased with wrinkles. The name by which his master called him, was Hafiz, apparently indicating that he was a Persian by birth. He was, indeed, the only connecting link between Doctor Rutherford and the outer world; and it must be admitted that very little, if anything at all, could be ascertained through him concerning his master's private life, for a more uncommunicative type of servant never existed.

The Doctor had long since ceased to practise his profession openly, though he spent much of his time in compounding strange mixtures out of ingredients, some of which had been for many years in his possession, while others were procured by Hafiz, his dusky retainer, at some chemist's shop in their immediate neighbourhood. A laboratory had been specially fitted up for this purpose in one wing of the house; and the old physician, as he bent over the vessel in which he heated the mysterious decoction, might not inaptly have been compared to an alchemist,



HAFIZ.

eagerly brooding over his marvellous task of transmuting the baser metals into gold.

But, in truth, the Doctor's experiment was even more daring and far-reaching than any of the feats performed, or supposed to have been performed, by the believers in alchemy; and, incredible as it may seem, his efforts had hitherto been attended with apparent success. The old man had, many years before, conceived the idea of prolonging life indefinitely by judiciously extracting the vital properties of plants and combining them with the essence of the most potent minerals. The notion was not quite original; and modern science, if, indeed, it had ever seriously entertained it, had discarded it as a wild and baseless dream. To Doctor Rutherford's mind, however, the possibility of repelling the approach of death had presented itself as something quite within the scope of the physician's art; and the great age to which he had already attained, seemed to show that his speculations were not entirely chimerical.

One evening, in the month of October, the doctor was engaged in his favourite occupation in the laboratory, while Hafiz respectfully watched his movements in the background. In the midst of the silence, which neither the old man nor his attendant seemed disposed to break, could be distinctly heard the simmering of the peculiarly-shaped antique-looking vessel suspended above the glowing fire.

All at once, the Doctor, lifting up the cover of the vessel, and peering down into its interior, uttered a hoarse cry of alarm.

"Gracious God!" he exclaimed, "what is this?" "The Elixir has lost its natural colour. It is as red as blood!"

"Nay, master," said Hafiz, pronouncing the words with a distinctly foreign accent, "you must be wrong, I swear. By the prophet, you must be wrong!"

"How dare you contradict me, sirrah?"

burst out the Doctor, with an expression partly of anger and partly of fear on his withered countenance. "I tell you, knave, I see my fate in this mixture to-night."

Hafiz grinned, but speedily stifled any tendency towards mirth, as he scanned his master's face.

"Perhaps there is something forgotten," he said at length.

"No, no," said the Doctor; "I have put in all the ingredients. What can it be? I cannot have made a mistake; and yet—and yet—"

He paused, and stared into the fire with glistening eyes.

"Were it not better, master," Hafiz ventured to suggest, "not to touch a drop of the Elixir to-night?"

"Nay, you white-livered rascal," rejoined the Doctor, with a contemptuous sneer; "I am not afraid of consequences, I have suffered too much during my long life to shrink from what most men call disaster. If I have gained a lengthened lease of life what has it availed me? My years, for nearly two full centuries, have been but a dreary waste." As he uttered the last words, a deep sigh came forth, as it

were, from the caverns of his aged heart.

The Asiatic, now assuming a more serious look, advanced a few steps, and rather diffidently asked:

"Might I, too, look at it, master, to see if it is all right?"

"Yes, Hafiz, you may look; and then, perhaps, your shallow brain may realize that I am not labouring under any delusion."

The keen vision of Hafiz quickly detected that his master had unconsciously distorted the fact, when he said that the mysterious contents of the vessel were "as red as blood." They had, certainly, an entirely different colour from that which they had always exhibited before, on similar occasions; and the impression conveyed by a close inspection was that the compound was



UP A BROAD STAIRCASE.

gradually assuming a crimson hue, which, when it began to cool, might be easily mistaken for blood.

"Now, Hafiz, are you satisfied?" said Doctor Rutherford, as the Asiatic drew back, with an almost imperceptible shudder. "Was I right, or not, in thinking that a strange transformation has taken place in the Elixir?"

Hafiz was now genuinely alarmed.

"Master," he said eagerly, laying his swarthy hand on the Doctor's arm, "drink none of it to-night. Some demon has turned it into blood!"

"Folly! Folly!" said Doctor Rutherford, with a frown. "I have carefully compounded it; and, if any change is to come to-night, it must be part of Nature's inscrutable designs, and cannot be averted by human agency. As for me, I am ready to meet my destiny. By the use of the precious Elixir, I have lived more than two hundred years, and I will not cast it away now, whatever may befall me."

"But—but—oh! dear master," said Hafiz, with trembling lips, "what if you should die?"

"If I should die?" repeated the Doctor, with a ghastly smile. "Ha! ha! ha! and what then, Hafiz? What is death? Release from the bondage of the flesh—the emancipation of the enslaved soul. Is life so dear a thing to me that I should choose to dwell imprisoned in the body for ever? Have I not told

you more than once that in the scroll of Fate there is affixed to my name these cabalistic words: *'Through death he shall regain his lost happiness, and even from the grave love shall bloom again!'*

Ah! Hafiz, what a thought—to be reunited to one without whom the world is a desert and existence a curse! For this have I lived—for this I would gladly die. Yes, yes, the Elixir has been my friend, my sustainer all these years, and to-night, perhaps, it may bring me that happiness I have vainly yearned for. The goblet, man—the goblet. Hasten, hasten; I can tarry in suspense no longer!"

The Asiatic dared not disobey this peremptory command. He rushed over to a corner of the laboratory, and, snatching up a silver goblet, beautifully chased, silently handed it to his master. Then, at a gesture from the Doctor, he removed the vessel from its position above the fire, and poured into it a goodly portion of the mysterious fluid.

As the old physician raised the goblet to his lips, its contents bubbled up in crimson globules.

The Doctor's dark grey eyes flashed from beneath his shaggy eye-brows with almost the fire of youth.

"The time has come!" he murmured. "Even if I should lose the great gift of extended life, the fruit of long research and occult knowledge, what does it matter if *she* comes back to me?"

Hafiz looked on amazed and almost terror-stricken at his master, who drained the goblet to the dregs.

Scarcely had the old physician finished the draught, when he suddenly laid his hand upon his heart.

"Oh! wonderful! wonderful! wonderful!" he exclaimed, with a look of exultation; "my youth is returning—the shadows of old age are fading away from me, like night before the dawn!"

The attendant silently took the goblet extended towards him by his master.



"THE GOBLET, MAN—THE GOBLET? HASTEN."

"Pour out a fresh draught," said the Doctor, eagerly. "Let not the precious Elixir be wasted! Drink of it, too, yourself, Hafiz! Drink, drink, poor, wavering fool!"

The Asiatic shook his head with an air of mild protest.

"What, Hafiz," said Doctor Rutherford, with an odd smile, "do you not wish, too, to renew your youth, to be happy, to be loved?"

"No, no, master," said the Asiatic, with a scared look in his dusky face. "I need it not. I am satisfied to remain as I am. The Elixir to-night has such a blood-red colour that it frightens me. I cannot bring myself to drink it, master. I feel that it would kill me!"

"Then live, wretch, and wither!" exclaimed his master, fiercely.

"I envy you not, even though you were to exist in earthly misery for ten thousand years. Better one hour of true happiness than countless centuries of loneliness and gloom!"

The old man's face had by this time become quite radiant with glowing rapture. It seemed as if he were anticipating some great event, which was to be the crowning glory of his life.

"Light me to the Blue Room, Hafiz," he said, waving his hand with unwonted gaiety towards his dark-faced attendant, and bring with you the golden candlesticks which were presented to me by Lord Berkeley, in the year 1670. For to-night at least my spirit shall rejoice, and the shadows of the past shall vanish."

The Asiatic automatically obeyed, leading the way up a broad staircase to a large, wainscoted chamber, whose ceiling and panelling were painted in light blue, so as to present a very curious and somewhat fantastic aspect. Immediately above the massive chimney-piece hung the portrait of a lady in the dress of a bygone day. She looked quite young, and there was an indefinable expression at once wistful, wayward, and winsome in her dreamy, wide-open eyes, and in her chaste, flower-shaped lips, that seemed to tremble on the verge of speech.

The Doctor gazed up for a moment at this portrait, and then, with a low murmur of satisfaction, dropped down upon a kind of couch, whereon he lay for some moments, apparently wrapt in a delicious reverie.

"Perhaps, master," interposed the Asiatic, stealthily approaching him, "you might wish to see some eminent man in the profession? The effects of the Elixir might be dangerous."

He emphasized the last word in the most significant manner, as if he were anxious to arouse in the Doctor's breast a sense of fear which would naturally impel him to seek the necessary antidote at once.

"Hence, hence, prating fool!" said the old physician, "I am happy, and I know I shall be happier still. Go!—leave me to myself. I feel that I could laugh and be glad at this moment, even though the

world were splintered into fragments in the morning!"

Hafiz stole out of the room; but a parting glance at the Doctor convinced him that this unnatural exuberance was only the forerunner of some sudden fatality. Attached as he was to his master, and desirous of saving him, if possible, from the consequences of what he regarded as a rash

and desperate act, he resolved in this emergency to take a decisive step. He flung a kind of cloak across his shoulders, drew a hat over his dark brows, and rushed off precipitately in the direction of Fitzwilliam Square.

He had frequently, in the course of his wanderings through the city, heard Doctor Hugh Melville spoken of as not only a distinguished physician but a perfect master of the science of chemistry. In many cases where persons had been suspected of secret poisoning, Doctor Melville's examination of the dead bodies had settled the question of "yea" or "nay," though some of his brother physicians had failed to determine the exact cause of death. Though not yet quite fifty years of age, he had reached the front rank in his profession, and had gained quite a European reputation. His book on *Vitality* was considered a masterpiece of scientific



"I, HUMPHRY RUTHERFORD."

investigation and profound physiological research. He was, moreover, a man of the most courteous and obliging disposition. He often attended the poorest class of patients in their own dingy homes without any hope of remuneration, manifesting sincere sympathy with them in their distress, and giving them a great deal of his valuable time.

It may, therefore, be seen that Hafiz was wise in seeking the assistance and counsel of this excellent man.

Without delay, Doctor Melville ordered out his own carriage, late as the hour was,

and drove rapidly towards the residence of the eccentric, old recluse, whose very existence he had never heard of before. Such thorough goodness of heart, such spontaneous kindness, we do not frequently find amongst the medical men of our time. Less than half-an-hour had elapsed since Hafiz had left the Blue Room, when the old man, who was lying in a state of semi-con-

sciousness on the couch, whereon he had flung himself, was roused by the sound of an opening door.

He started up, and exclaimed, in a half-stupefied fashion :

"Hafiz, are you there? Is that you, Hafiz?"

"No, sir," replied the new comer; "it is a stranger, who has heard of your sudden indisposition, and has come to prescribe for you, and, let us hope, to restore you to your usual health."

The old man stared somewhat haughtily at Doctor Melville.

"My good friend," he said, in a slightly disdainful tone, "you are, I presume, a physician. So am I; but we differ in this—that you belong to the present age—an age of superficial science, and vain half-knowledge, while I have studied in the old-world school, which professed to solve all the mysteries of man's complex nature. You who, perhaps, regard Paracelsus as a mediæval quack, must know very little about the Elixir of Life."

The younger physician shook his head and smiled.

"I am afraid, my dear sir," he said,

"your Paracelsus was a foolish dreamer. Modern physiology has explained away such folly."

"There you err egregiously," returned Doctor Rutherford, who had now raised himself to a sitting posture on the couch.

"Come, now, tell me how long do you think I have lived by the use of a rare decoction?"

"I should say you are a very old man, sir."

"Just two hundred and forty-five years. That is all."

Doctor Melville raised his eyebrows incredulously.

"I fear there must be a slight mistake somehow," he said, with great suavity.

"Not a bit of it," said the other; "and if you want to know something more of my private history, just cast your eyes at that portrait over the chimney-piece there. That was my wife, and we were married in this city in the year 1670. I was then quite a young man, and had only just entered the medical profession. I may mention that, on the occasion, the Viceroy,



THE DOCTOR GAZED UP AT THIS PORTRAIT.

Lord Berkeley, for whom I had acted as an amanuensis for some months, made me a present of that pair of golden candlesticks on the table there before your eyes."

The face of Doctor Melville at that moment was a study. He seemed like a man endeavouring to dispel some illusion caused by the influence of mesmerism, or by the agency of a powerful opiate.

"There is certainly something very extraordinary in all this," he said, with an air of brooding truth. "How curious it is that the face of the lady, whose portrait hangs there above the fire-place, is marvellously like my daughter's face! But for the difference of dress I would almost have sworn it was my daughter's portrait."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the old man. "What a singular coincidence, truly! And pray, doctor—doctor—what's your name?—for I have not the pleasure of your acquaintance—might I trouble you to let me know your daughter's name, and also her age?"

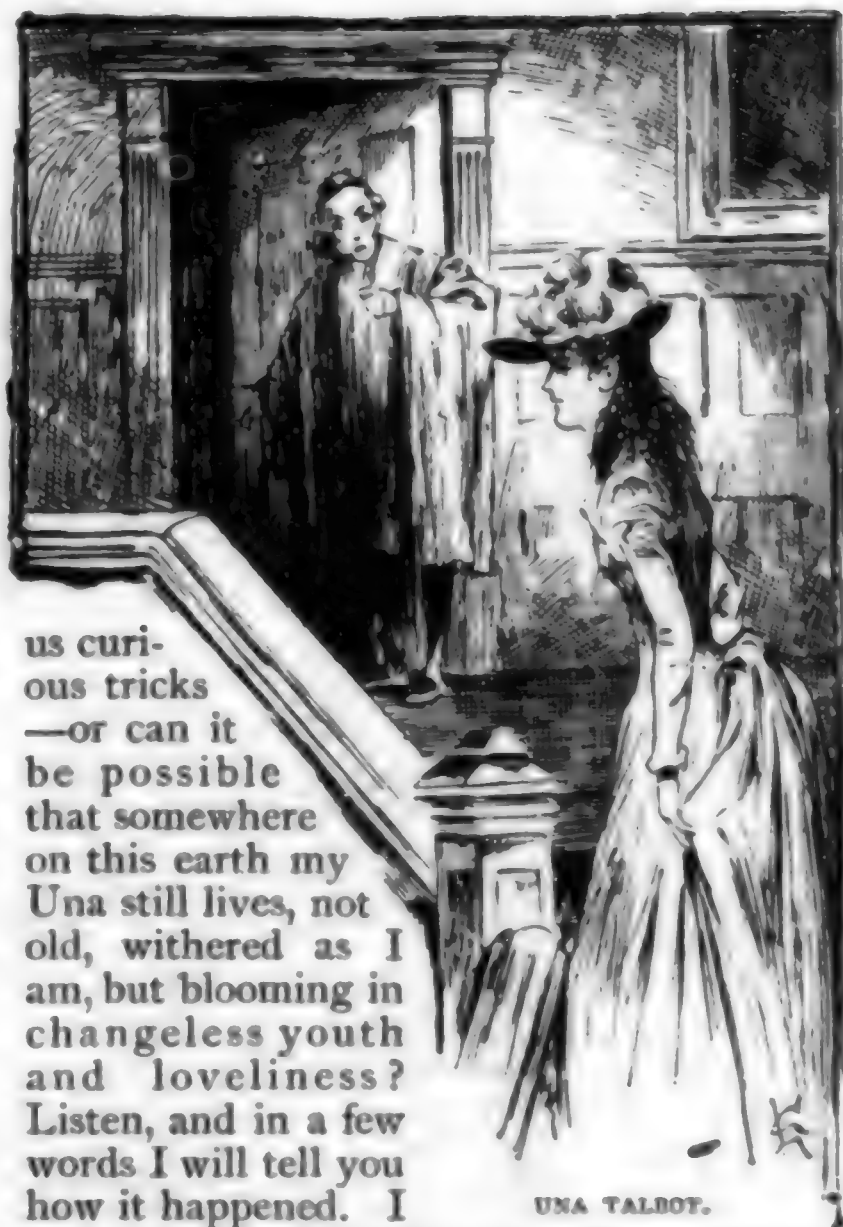
"Her name is Una, and she is just nineteen years of age."

With an exclamation of astonishment Doctor Rutherford raised himself to his feet.

"In God's name, sir," he said, now speaking with terrible earnestness, "if you wish to save me from everlasting misery, gratify an old man's wish—call it a whim if you like—let me see your daughter! bring her here; it can do her no harm. I want to see her. You tell me she resembles that portrait, and that her name is Una? Strange—strange! Can this be some phantasy of nature—for sometimes nature plays



THE OLD MAN STARED AT DR. MELVILLE.



UNA TALBOT.

us curious tricks—or can it be possible that somewhere on this earth my Una still lives, not old, withered as I am, but blooming in changeless youth and loveliness? Listen, and in a few words I will tell you how it happened. I

was young and ambitious. My profession at first seemed to be all in all to me; but there is something stronger than ambition, and that is love—the master passion of our being. And so it was, that just two hundred and twenty-one years ago I fell in love, with the sweetest, purest, fairest creature that ever visited this sad world in the shape of woman. Her maiden name was Una Talbot. Her family was a Roman Catholic one, and they objected to me as a suitor, first, because I happened to be a member of the Reformed Church, and, secondly, because I was associated with Lord Berkeley, to whom the Talbots were bitterly opposed on political grounds. I was an ardent lover, however, and in a moment of weakness—or, should I not rather say, yielding to her supreme trust in me—Una consented to wed me secretly, without obtaining her parent's sanction."

"Una Talbot," murmured Doctor Melville, as if uttering his thoughts aloud, "there is something peculiar in the recurrence of that name." Then staring confusedly at the old man he went on: "you say that your wife's name was Una Talbot, and that she lived in Dublin over two hundred years ago. Why, that was the very name of an ancestress of mine on my

mother's side, and it was after her my daughter was called."

"I knew it must be so!" said the old man, with glittering eyes. "The same! the very same! But let me finish. There was something mysterious about Una's early life. She was just blossoming into womanhood—nineteen at most—and her parents had been always fearful about her health, for she seemed more like an embodied spirit, than a thing of flesh and blood. She was fair-haired, blue-eyed, and was like the Madonna before the angel told her she was to be the Mother of God. I shrank in my secret soul from the idea of marriage with so ethereal

a being: but love is stronger than reason—stronger than the strongest presentiments. Well, we were married. Ah! how vividly I can recall that day! It seems as if it were only yesterday. Oh! what unutterable rapture it was to hear her pronounce the marriage formula: 'I take thee for my wedded husband,' to lead her to my home, to whisper in her ears those words of burning love, which were the last I ever addressed to her! Some curious fancy led her to suggest that we should pass the first few days after our marriage in this house. It was not my residence at the time, but it had been the property of a young nobleman, who, having squandered his patrimony, sold it to me at a very low figure a few weeks before my marriage. I gladly acted on Una's suggestion, for here was a capital means of baffling the inquiries of her incensed relatives. They would seek me at my former address, and would find no tidings of me there, as I kept my new residence a complete secret from all my acquaintances. Therefore, they could find no trace of either myself or Una. But alas! a worse misfortune than any I had sought to escape from fell upon me, even on my wedding-day! She had not been many hours my bride, when she disappeared like a phantom, and left me lonely and wretched to wear out life, without love, without hope!"



"I WAS AN ARDENT LOVER."

"I do not quite understand you," Doctor Melville here broke in.

"It was simple enough," said the old man, mournfully shaking his head, "and yet so extraordinary was it that no logic could explain it, no science account for it. On the evening of our wedding-day we were seated side by side. I was telling her, for perhaps the thousandth time, how much she was to me—more than ambition, friends, fame, life itself. In the ecstasy of that sweet moment, I did not pause to notice that she scarcely responded to my impassioned words. I clasped her in my arms. I touched her dear lips with mine;

but lo! in that very instant she seemed to melt away like a vision. She dissolved, as it were, into thin air; and since then I have seen her only in dreams. I have tried to clasp her in my arms as she flitted through the lonely spaces of the night; but I awoke with the bitter consciousness that it was an illusion."

"And so, perhaps, was your marriage," said Doctor Melville, half cynically, as the old man stopped, gasping for breath, and looking more wan and ghostly than ever.

In his own mind, the younger physician asked himself: "Is this a case of senile dementia? or what is it, in Heaven's name?"

"My marriage an illusion?" exclaimed Doctor Rutherford. "My friend, you are too practical, to use the wretched phrase of the nineteenth century. The world, indeed, is perishing from the effect of this sordid materialism. No, no. It was no illusion. We were united at God's altar. Our creeds were different, but we both were true believers in the Redeemer of man, and it mattered not that the clergyman was one of my church and not of hers. But do not mock at me, my good sir; I am old and foolish, perhaps, but bear with my weaknesses, and grant the request I asked of you, to let me see your daughter. Ah! sir, you are leavened, I fear, with the scepticism of a cold-blooded age. You do not



"O UNA! O MY WIFE, FOUND AT LAST."

Then, for some minutes, all that could be heard in the room was the scratching of a pen.

At length, with a sigh, the old physician laid down the pen, and read aloud the following words :

"In the name of God, Amen. I, Humphry Rutherford, of the city of Dublin, Doctor of Medicine, being of sound mind, memory, and understanding, make this as my last will and testament. I leave all I die possessed of to Una, daughter of Doctor Melville, of the city of Dublin, and I appoint her my residuary legatee and sole executrix of this my will."

"And now there is nothing to be done save to attest

the will," said Doctor Rutherford.

"But, my dear sir—" began Doctor Melville.

"Do not gainsay," said the old man, with a supplicating look : and forthwith he signed his name at the foot of the document, whose contents he had just read out.

The signatures of Doctor Melville and Hafiz, were speedily attached.

"So much for settling my affairs," said the old physician with forced calmness. "And now let me see her face—the face of Una—before I die."

"Well, Doctor Rutherford, I should be a brute to refuse, under the circumstances," said the younger physician. Have patience for half-an-hour, and I promise you that you shall see my daughter. Meanwhile, your servant here must remain with you in case you want anything."

"Yes, yes," said the old man, nodding self-complacently. "Hafiz will stay here until your return. Go ! Gratify the wish, the last hope of an unhappy being ; and may God Almighty bless you for it !"

Without saying anything in reply, Doctor Melville hurried away.

The old man awaited his return with breathless impatience. Every moment he was becoming more restless, more vehement, more frenzied.

believe in the transmigration of souls. What, indeed, is there that people *do* believe in now-a-days but money ? As for me, mere possessions appear to me so much dross. To show you how little I cling to the things of this world, give me one sheet of note paper, and reach me a pen, which you will find on yonder table."

Doctor Melville followed the old man's directions, but had some difficulty in getting at a writing desk, which he placed on the couch by Doctor Rutherford's side.

"Call in Hafiz, or wait, I will call myself. Hafiz ! Hafiz !" and his voice rose to a feeble effort at shouting.

The Asiatic speedily made his appearance.

"I need you as a witness," said his master grimly. "As I have otherwise made provision for you, I am not going to leave you any legacy. Preserve the secret of the Elixir when I am gone, and use it to prolong your own existence."

Hafiz bowed.

Then fixing a keen glance on Doctor Melville, he said :

"Long as we have been talking together you have not told me your surname ; let me know it, pray."

Doctor Melville gave the information required.

"Yes, yes, yes," he muttered, with his eyes fixed on vacancy; "she will come back! I know she will come back to me; and I shall realize what true happiness means before I die!"

Hafiz vainly tried to calm his overstrung excitement. He kept saying repeatedly, "She is coming back! she is coming back," and listening eagerly for the sound of approaching footsteps.

At length, there was a knock at the hall door; and the old physician, unable to control his emotions, rose, and endeavoured to follow Hafiz out of the Blue Room. He was, however, too feeble to make his way farther than the door of the apartment. There he paused, with a wild stare in his eyes, and his hands stretched forth tremblingly.

"Oh! hasten, hasten," he exclaimed, in a broken voice; "hasten, or I die!"

Presently Hafiz, holding in his right hand one of the golden candlesticks, showed a young girl of a strange and almost

unearthly type of beauty up the old-fashioned staircase. There was a dreamy smile on her face; but her lips trembled slightly as she gazed upon the withered countenance of the poor old physician. Still, she did not pause, but advanced towards him quietly until they stood quite close to each other.

"O Una! O my wife!—my long-lost Una, found at last!" almost shrieked the old man. And he spasmodically strove to fling his arms around her neck.

She shrank away from him with a cry of alarm, and would have fallen, had not Hafiz rushed to her assistance.

As for Doctor Rutherford, his withered features now grew frightfully pallid. A low, heart-piercing moan escaped him, and then from his blanched lips trickled a stream of blood. He made a faint effort to speak, but could only articulate one word:

"WIFE!"

The next moment, his jaws relaxed, and he fell back—dead.



AN OPERA TOUR WITH ADELINA PATTI

by LIONEL S. MAPLESON



THE Italian Opera Company with which I was associated in 1889 and 1890 was the largest operatic enterprise ever attempted. It was organized by Messrs. Henry Abbey, and Maurice Grau, the well-known American managers;

and they had engaged Madame Adelina Patti, Madame Albani, Madame Nordica, Madame Valda, Mlle. Pettigiani, Mlle. Fabbri, Mlle. Synnerberg, Mlle. Claire, Signori Del Puente, Perugini, Ravelli, Vicini, Vanni, Bieletto, Marescalchi, Zardo, Carbone, Marcassa, Novara, Castelmarty, Migliara, de Vaschetti, Lucini, Sapio, Arditi, Mlle. Bauermeister, Signor Tamagno, and many other famous *artistes*, besides an orchestra of sixty, a military band of thirty, a chorus of eighty, and twenty-four danseuses. To give some idea of the enormous expenses of such a company, I may mention that Madame Patti received £34,000 for thirty performances; and Tamagno, the great Italian tenor, received £400 a night.

We went first to Chicago, specially for the inauguration of the Auditorium, which had been erected at a cost of three million dollars. Our season there, which lasted four weeks, was very successful, and the receipts amounted to \$233,300. The following operas were performed: *Romeo, Faust, William Tell, Barbieri di Siviglia,*

Traviata, Trovatore, Aida, Gli Ugonotti, Marta, and Sonnambula. A special feature was the production of Verdi's *Otello*, with Tamagno in the title rôle. Madame Albani made a most brilliant success in the part of Desdemona; and, in every city we subsequently visited, her superb impersonation of this character, quite took the audience by storm.

On the 4th of January, 1890, we packed up at Chicago; and, after giving a morning performance, made our way to the railway *depôt*, where a special train was awaiting us. As the cars would be our home for the following six days, the train was provided with every comfort, and was made up in the following manner: Next the engine was



LIONEL S. MAPLESON.

placed one of the three baggage cars, which contained scenery, dresses, properties, &c., in addition to the private luggage of the members of the company. Then came Madame Patti's car, which needs a special description. This car was built expressly for Madame Patti, and is at her service whenever she is travelling in the States. It is over 60 feet in length, and furnished throughout in the most superb manner. In

the centre of the car, the drawing room is situated, having large plate-glass windows, reaching nearly the entire length of the saloon, and giving an uninterrupted view of the interior. There are sleeping apartments for Madame Patti, and also for her party. Madame Patti's husband, Signor Nicolini, accompanied her throughout the tour, and her suite included a

secretary, courier, a maid, and a lady, whose special duty it was to superintend the packing, &c., of the vast number of costumes that comprised the operatic and private wardrobe of La Diva. In addition to the above, there was a staff of servants, comprising porters, cooks, &c., attached to the car, and reserved solely for the service of Madame Patti. The car contains a piano, in the drawing room, and a

bath-room is also provided. In the rear of the car is situated the extensive kitchen, in which all Madame Patti's meals are prepared. The car is christened the "Adelina Patti," and her name appears on the sides of the car, as well as on the outfit belonging to it. The wheels of this car are constructed of compressed paper, as these wheels have been found to possess enduring powers far superior to those of iron, which frequently

crack. Next to the "Adelina Patti" was placed the hotel car, "International."

I was fortunate enough to secure a berth in the hotel car, and to have as companion Signor Perugini, a gentleman most popular with the *artistes*, and especially with the fair portion. At the rear of our car the kitchen was situated.

Next in order came "The Maryland" and "Mann Boudoir Car," in

proximity to which were two more sleeping cars of the first class, after which were three sleeping cars of the second class, to accommodate members of the chorus and ballet, and two baggage waggons brought up the rear, making twelve cars in all.

My berth was situated next to the state-room and apartments reserved for the use of Madame Albani and her suite, and on several occasions after dinner



MADAME ADELINA PATTI.



MADAME ALBANI.

Madame Albani honoured me by paying me a visit.

The ground was covered with snow when we left Chicago on Saturday night. On Sunday morning we arrived at St. Louis, where the weather was very fine and warm.

Most of the *artistes* and myself had arranged with the Pullman Car Company to supply us with meals at a general rate of \$1 each meal; but Signor Tamagno had preferred to lay in a stock of provisions of his own choice, and his meals were prepared for him by his brother, assisted by two of the members of the Italian chorus.

Wherever we stopped, crowds of curious sight-seers gathered round the windows of Madame Patti's car, eager to catch a glimpse of the world-renowned singer, and when Madame Patti appeared at the window, and kissed her hand to the surging crowd, their enthusiasm knew no bounds, and hearty cheers were given over and over again.

Tamagno whiled away the time by playing cards with three of the chorus, and it was strange to observe that an *artiste* of such great celebrity, and in receipt of such an enormous salary, was not in the least proud or reserved in his manner. We travelled through the State of Arkansas, which is about the size of England. Then, after passing through Texas, we crossed the Mexican frontier near Eagle Pass; and, almost immediately a wonderful change was to be observed.

The first station was crowded with all sorts and conditions of Mexican life: from

the men of position, who were clothed in splendidly embroidered suits, and wore large sombreros, ornamented heavily with gold and silver lace; down to the half-naked, poverty-stricken Indians, who abound in every Mexican town. Even the better dressed Indians have a general appearance of having out-grown their clothes; the sleeves of the cotton shirt only reach to their elbows, and the pants of the same material end at the knees. In addition to this unpretentious costume, the Indian wears a pair of sandals fastened on with leather straps, and a palm-leaf hat protects his head from the scorching rays of the sun. A blanket completes his attire; and, whatever the temperature may be, the latter article is never cast aside. A pretty correct idea of the social position of a Mexican can be formed by studying his sombrero—some of the best of these hats cost several hundred dollars.

Madame Nordica, taking a fancy to some silver snakes in the sombrero of a Mexican youth, asked if he would sell them, and he did not hesitate to accept the offer. Tamagno, being of a more practical nature, invested in a basket of eggs that an Indian woman had for sale. The day we arrived being a national holiday, the entire population of the town had congregated at the station and in its vicinity, to catch a glimpse of the company that was about to make a visit to their capital, and a most



MLLE. BAUERMEISTER.

picturesque scene the station presented, filled as it was by such a motley crew.

We amused ourselves by throwing handfuls of small coin of the country to be scrambled for by the ragged little urchins that besieged our train, and the elder inhabitants did not disdain to join in the scrimmage. The Mexican custom house officers have the appearance of monks, as they wear long coarse coats with the tall, conical hoods pulled over their caps.

We left at about 7 p.m., and, after an hour's journey, the Mexican mountains began to appear in the distance, and afforded a pleasant change to the eye, which had begun to weary of the apparently endless prairie land, through which we had been travelling for so many hours.

The vegetation was entirely composed of plants of the cactus species, which thrive luxuriously, notwithstanding the lifeless nature of the soil, which is composed of stones and sand. The time of our visit being in the dry season of Mexico, which lasts for over eight months, we passed many water courses entirely dried up, and the whole land presented a most inhospitable appearance. The rainy season commences in June and finishes by September; during the rest of the year the sun shines brilliantly, and one need never carry an umbrella "in case it should rain." At 9.30 we arrived quite close to the strange, black mountains, which are quite devoid of any vegetation, and appear most weird.

The clouds of dust became most trying. Those of the party who were sitting on the platforms had even their ears and hair filled with it. Del Puente had provided himself with a pair of goggles, and I much envied him, the wire gauze protecting the eyes from the penetrating dust. We saw some sandspouts, which formed a pretty picture, as they gracefully travelled over the ground. They run to a height of many

hundred feet. Owing to the continued polishing action of the sand clouds that pass over the plains, the telegraph wires have the appearance of being of burnished silver. At 10.45 we arrived at a most quaint little town, where we saw extraordinary wooden carts drawn by teams of no less than fourteen mules; and Mr. Gye, who possessed a Kodak, took several interesting views.

No one was sorry when we reached Torreon, a junction whence the line branches off to either Mexico city or to El Paso. Within a few feet of the station there was a native village, the huts being built of

canes with straw plaited in between to keep off the rays of the sun. We made a visit to the interesting settlement, which reminded us strongly of some African scene. Hungry dogs prowled about, endeavouring to find some food. We entered a hut and saw an Indian woman seated on the ground, busily engaged in the manufacture of the national *tartilla* or maize cake. Placed beside her were two flat stones, between which she crushed a handful of Indian corn, then, moistening the flour obtained, she kneaded the dough with her hands, until of a sufficient consistency, then rolled it on

a flat slab, placed in front of her, both slab and roller being of stone. The thin cake was then cooked in an earthen dish over a fire composed of a few sticks and a handful of dry sage bush. After having seen the delicacy prepared, we politely but firmly declined the woman's invitation to partake thereof. Looking into another hut we saw a poor little Indian baby sitting patiently on the sand which formed the floor of the dwelling, and the face of the poor little creature was quite covered with flies, but it did not make any complaint.

Along the route we passed many native villages, the huts built of canes, and presenting a very Robinson Crusoe like appearance.



SIGNOR TAMAGNO.



THE WELL AT HUENOCULO.

On Friday morning, after passing through rich fields of maize, and many interesting Indian settlements, we arrived at Leon, which is a most picturesque city. The numerous gilded domes and minarets that rise above the flat-roofed dwellings, reflected the brilliant sun's rays, and made a most pleasing picture, not easily forgotten.

Our next stop was at Silao. The ground in this region is so fertile that two crops of maize and wheat are grown annually. Indian vendors of poultry were on the platform. These men had live turkeys suspended round their necks by cords, the birds hanging head downwards, and their wings spread out to full span, which looked very picturesque; but I am afraid the turkeys did not approve of the proceeding.

I purchased a large uncut opal for 50 cents of an Indian, these stones being very plentiful in Mexico. After another run of two hours we reached Celaya, where Mr. Gye bought a large basket of delicious strawberries, for a small sum, the fruit growing in the open air in January. One hour's journey brought us to Querétaro, which has an elevation of 6,000 feet above the sea.

Close to the city is the historically celebrated "Cerro de las Campanas" (Hill of Bells), where, on the 19th June, 1867, the

ill-fated Emperor Maximilian and his generals, Miramon and Mejia, were executed.

During the afternoon, we passed some native villages, where the inhabitants wore the costume affected by the sturdy, ancient Britons, the only difference being that the Mexicans did *not* wear the *woad overcoats* which were considered fashionable with our forefathers. Later on we observed a party of Indians, imbedded up to their necks in mud, enjoying an afternoon bath—water being very scarce in the district.

When we arrived at the City of Mexico, a day and a-half late, military bands were playing to welcome us, and the station was crowded with sightseers.

After breakfast I made my way to the Grand Opera House, and was much struck

by the contrast it afforded to the magnificent Auditorium which we had so recently left. The "Nacional" is a large building, and accommodates 4,500 persons. The main entrance is ornamented by huge stone pillars. Mounting the steps, the hall is entered, on the right side of which the box-office is situated. The spacious hall resembles the crush-room of an English opera house, with the exception that it is paved with stone slabs, and is quite devoid of any curtains, or other comfort. The stalls are known as the "Lunetas,"—the seats are straight-backed, leather-covered chairs of ancient appearance, and are most uncomfortable. There are four tiers of boxes, and those of the first three tiers were announced to accommodate 8 persons each, which must have been rather a tight fit. The prices of all parts of the house were increased during our visit, and the following is a list of prices that were charged during the opera season.

			For a Subscription of 15 nights.	Per night.
For a box on the 1st tier			\$1,200	\$100
" "	2nd	"	800	60
" "	3rd	"	600	50
" "	4th	"	240	20
Stall	150	12
Amphitheatre		...	60	5
Gallery		...	—	4

The ordinary price for a stall at the "Nacional" is only \$1.50, and the admission to the gallery 25 cents. But notwithstanding the high prices charged, this season at Mexico City was most successful. Every family of any position felt it incumbent upon them to be seen at the opera. I heard that, when we left the city, the national pawnbroking establishment was quite filled with articles pledged by proud but impecunious families. This establishment is one of the most remarkable institutions in Mexico, and is much visited by tourists. It was originally built as a private residence for Cortes, shortly after the Conquest. It still retains a great deal of its ancient style, and there is much to admire in its quaint, old doors, windows, staircases, ceilings, &c. It was founded by Don Pedro Terreros, who, in 1744, endowed the institution with \$300,000 out of his private fortune. His object was to relieve the poor, and those whom circumstances might compel to have recourse to raising money. I consider that this philanthropic count indirectly patronised Italian opera, as, without the assistance of his admirable institution, many a music-loving Mexican would have had to deny himself the pleasure of hearing Madame Patti, the cost of seats being so high.

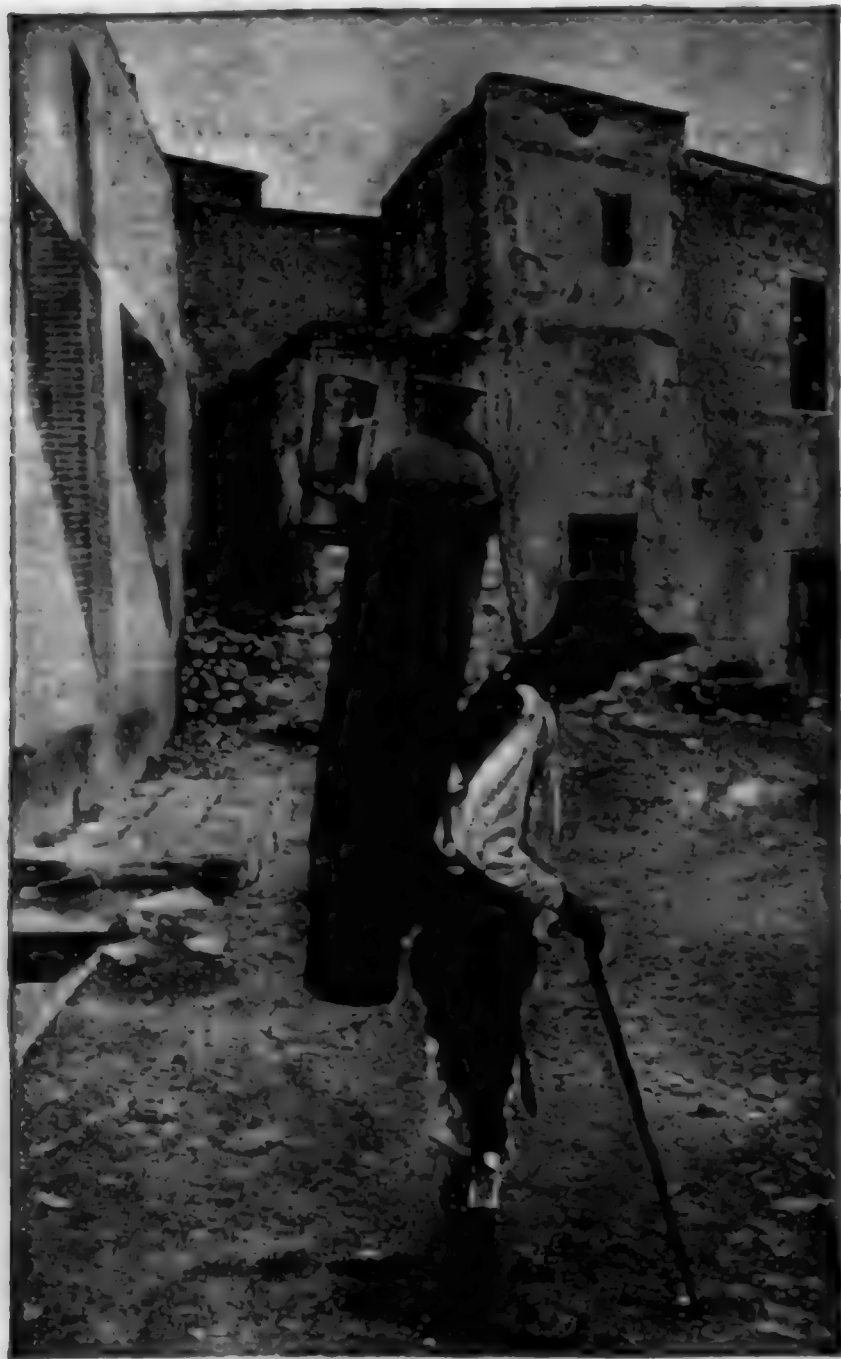
If the front of the house was uncomfortable, words altogether fail to describe the condition of the stage and the dressing rooms for the *artistes*. The stage carpenters and scene shifters were all natives; and, as they only speak the Spanish language, we had great difficulty in making them understand our orders. Behind the curtain gas was conspicuous by its absence, and each *artiste* was provided with two candles on entering the theatre at night. The dressing-rooms were on a level with the stage, on either side, and presented the appearance of dungeons in some ancient castle. None of the rooms had windows, and the doors were the only source of ventilation. I was surprised to observe that the local members of the orchestra lighted their cigarettes before commencing rehearsal, but soon I became used to the sight, as everyone about the theatre smokes, even the stage carpenters. The public come and sit in the stalls, to hear the rehearsals, and smoke likewise. The scenery was in a fearful condition, and afforded a most striking contrast to that which we brought with us for the operas, *Aida*, *Semiramide* and *Otello*. The prompt box was placed in the centre of the stage, but owing to there being no floor below the stage, our prompter — who



A HILL-SIDE VILLAGE ON THE WAY TO THE CAPITAL.

was very inclined to embonpoint—had to raise a trap door in the stage and to crawl along on hands and knees, a passage so narrow that each night he dreaded becoming fixed, and unable to advance or retreat. We commenced the season by playing *Semiramide* with Madame Patti, and the house was crammed with a fashionable audience.

The ladies of the audience were dressed in costumes, light in colour, pink, white, &c., trimmed with flowers and handsome laces. Very fine combs and pins adorned



A MEXICAN WATER CARRIER.

the hair. Between the acts a curtain is lowered, which presents a most novel appearance, being entirely covered with brightly coloured advertisements. The manager lets out the curtain by the yard, and the result is hardly likely to please an artistic eye. The advertisements, being attached with pins, flap about as the curtain is raised or lowered. The men amuse themselves in the interval by smoking cigarettes, and by directing a searching gaze through their opera glasses on the fair occupants of the "Palcos." A Mexican

audience is very apathetic, and everything is accepted and witnessed with an air of boredom, and the high prices paid for their seats did not seem to make

the audience less frigid. The house was, nevertheless, always crammed during our stay. Every night, before the opera began, the fire engine arrived, and the men took up their station at the rear of the stage. Soldiers stood in the wings, the long barrelled six-shooters stuck prominently in their belts.

Sunday in Mexico is observed in a peculiar manner, not at all likely to please an English visitor. This is the busiest day in the markets. Hawkers fill the streets, disposing of their wares; the Indians, from the neighbouring gardens on "La Viga" canal, come into the city with their stocks of vegetables and fruit. In the alameda or park, military bands play all the morning, and the poor, who are passionately fond of music, throng the walks. The chimes, which ring out from every steeple at short intervals, have a very characteristic sound, and a Sunday in Mexico is never to be forgotten. The streets are crowded with men and women selling ice-cream, pulque (the national drink) and baskets of cake and confectionery. The theatres are open on Sunday, and give two representations. During our stay we always performed two operas on the day that should have been the day of rest.

Bull fights are given on Sunday.



AN INDIAN WITH DONKEYS.



also; and once I was persuaded to witness one of these inhuman spectacles. The amphitheatre, which is built of wood, resembles a large circus. As there is no roof, one half is bathed in sunlight, and admission to this half, which is known as "Sol," is only 25 cents, whilst the shady side is called "Lombra," and the price of admission is \$2. There is a judge, appointed by the municipality, whose word is law; and a bugler stands behind him in his box, and conveys the judge's orders to the fighters below.

The moment having arrived for the grand entry, the procession of fighters made its appearance. First came the matador, whose duty it is to plunge a thin bladed sword up to the hilt in the heart of the bull, as it charges him. After him followed the capeadores, who madden the bull, and urge him to charge; the picadores, mounted on sorry steeds, and armed with long lances; and the lazadores, who lasso and remove bulls that prove too tame.

At last the bull dashed madly into the ring. I clenched my hands and stood horror-struck, as I saw the fierce animal—after looking about it wildly at the crowded circus—charge the horses, the picadores vainly endeavouring to drive the infuriated beast off with repeated thrusts of their sharp lances. The poor horses were very badly gored, and I will draw a veil over that portion of the barbaric exhibition. At the next bugle call the moment had arrived for the banderillas to commence their terribly risky performance. One of the men took up his position, in the centre of the ring, armed with two banderillas, which are about a foot in length.

They have barbed points and the stems are decorated with streaming ribbons of the national colours. It was a most exciting moment. I could almost hear my heart beating, as the bull, worked up to a pitch of madness by the waving of the crimson cloaks, charged full tilt at the spot occupied by the banderilla. It seemed there could be no escape for the man, when, just as the bull's horns were on the point of impaling him, he leaned forward and planted the two darts in the neck of the animal and skipped lightly aside, whilst the bull thundered past, only to find that his victim had escaped. As the poor creature tossed his head with pain and anger, the long barbed banderillas swayed about and lacerated the flesh still more, whilst the blood flowed in crimson streams down its sides, and was absorbed in the sand with which the floor of the ring was covered. Another bugle call announced that the moment for the matador to kill the bull had arrived. El Capitan carried a vermilion cloak of a different hue to those of the "Capas" and with this he worried the bull and



AN ANXIOUS MOMENT.

excited it to charge him. The laws prohibit a fighter to strike the bull until it has charged him three times. The object of the matador is to plunge the sword into the neck of the animal, between the shoulders, and to pierce the heart. If this is successfully done the poor tortured beast staggers, projects its tongue, looks round vainly for a means of escape, and then, its knees giving way, it sinks to the ground and dies. If the sword thrust is not skilfully made, the animal wanders about with the hilt of the sword projecting from

its neck, and I had the misfortune to witness this, later in the afternoon. The butcher then appears and after the sorely wounded animal sinks to the earth, gives it a finishing stroke. After the death of the bull, the mules and drag are brought in and the hind legs of the dead animal being attached to the drag, the mules are urged to a sharp trot, and the body taken from the ring, making a deep furrow in the sand as it passes. Should the matador have made a successful stroke, and distinguished himself in the eyes of the audience, the people stand up and shout to him expressions of their admiration, and throw flowers, money, cigars, fruit and other favours. Men fling their \$100 sombreros into the ring, and consider it a great honour when El Capitan picks them up and throws them back. The banderillas that are torn from the flesh of the dead animals command a ready sale, and can be bought at the entrance after the fight.

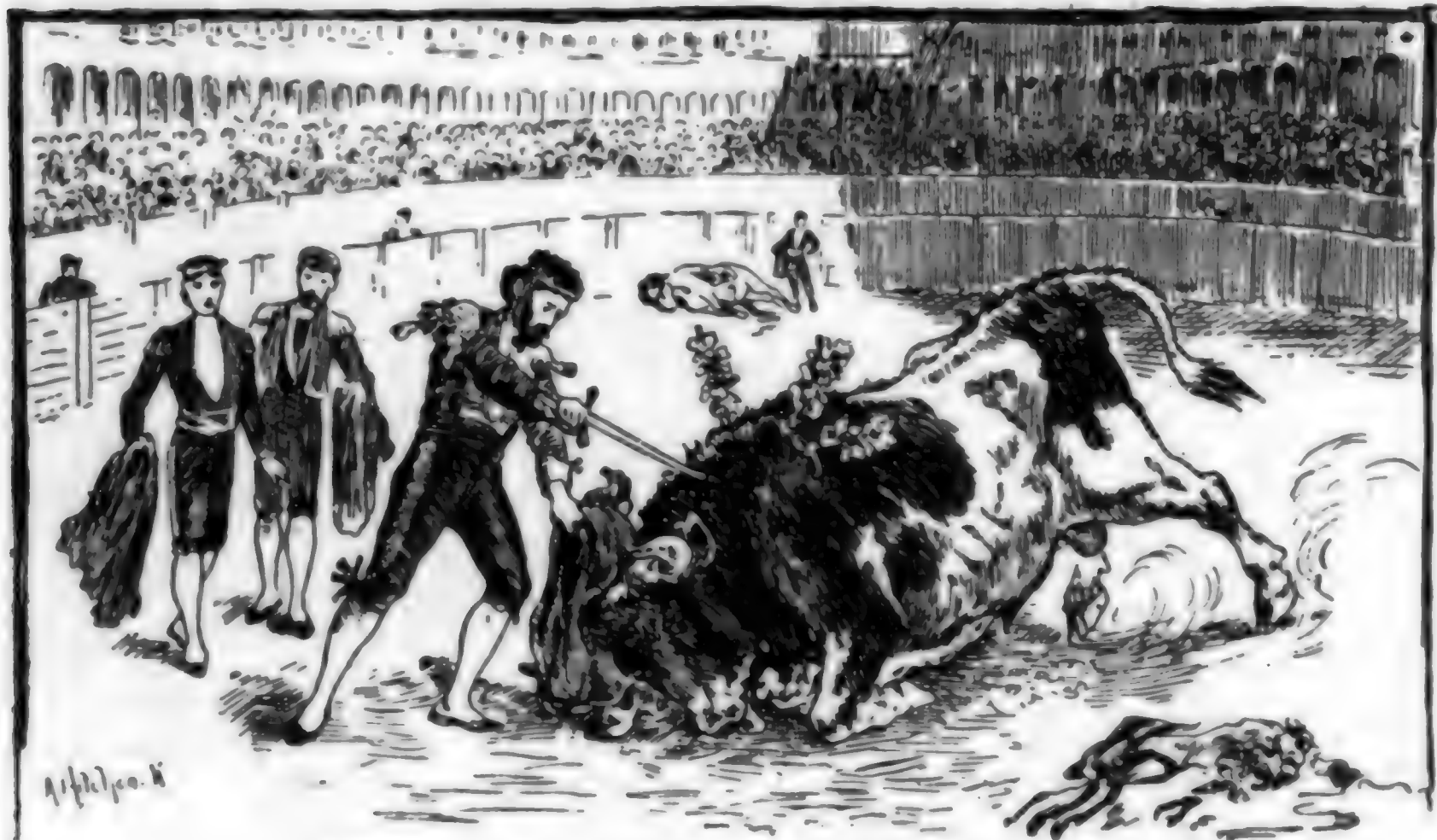
Like Chicago, Mexico was quite *en fête*

during our opera season. Military bands were stationed every night in the colonnade of the opera house, and played until the time for the opera to commence. Crowds of people, who were too poor to pay the price of admission, consoled themselves by standing round the entrance gates and watching the arrival of their more fortunate fellow citizens. Any body that could, by any possible means, claim any relationship to anyone connected with the local management of the theatre, used to squeeze themselves somewhere behind the scenes, so as to be as near to Madame Patti as possible, and

these intruders became so numerous that the armed police had their time fully occupied in preventing them from edging their way on to the stage in view of the audience. The flies, or bridges above the stage, were crowded by people, who, although they could see nothing, were, at least, able to hear the operas, after a fashion. The "dressers" intended for the use of the *artistes* were all Indian women of the most uninviting appearance, and these poor creatures



THE BANDERILLA'S DANGEROUS PART.



THE MOMENT FOR THE MATADOR TO KILL THE BULL HAD ARRIVED



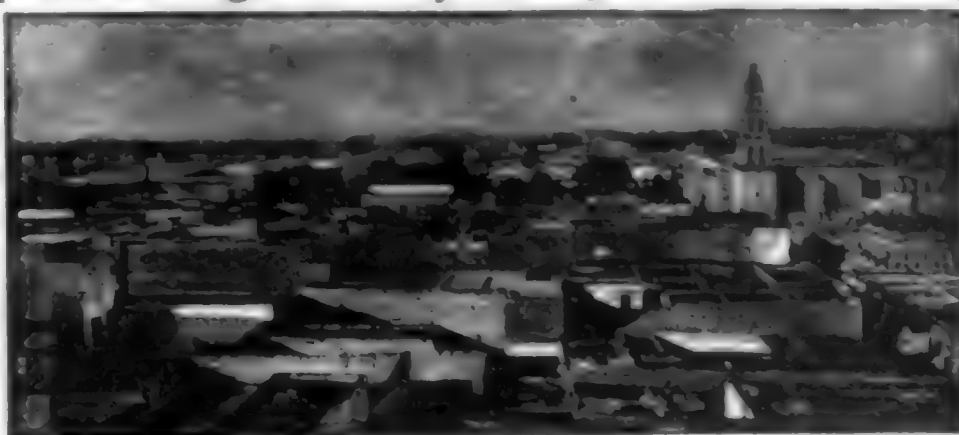
AN OX TEAM IN THE CITY OF MEXICO.

habitually squatted about on the floor outside the dressing rooms, as the *artistes* preferred the inconvenience of dressing themselves to having such very unpleasant creatures to attend to them. The system of throwing bouquets on the stage is gradually becoming obsolete in cities in the States, as well as in England; and, indeed, many of the greatest *artistes* have expressed a wish that the practice should be stopped. But, in Mexico, the bouquet throwing is still indulged in largely. The front of the stage, after the opera, frequently had the appearance of a flower market; and when Madame Patti gave her services gratuitously, for the benefit of Mexican charities, the stage, after this performance, was quite ankle deep in violets, which perfumed the air in the most delicious manner. We produced *L'Africaine* during the season; but no men could be obtained in the city to represent the Indian warriors in the procession scene, the ordinary native supers not being sufficiently intelligent to undertake the task, as the members of this male ballet are required

to go through a mimic combat, and also dance. The difficulty was finally overcome by enlisting the services of the assistant stage manager, the scenic artist, the members of the property department, and other members of the staff, as well as the couriers of Madame Patti and Madame Albani.

Having finished our engagement in Mexico, we took to the cars again, and travelled to San Francisco, where we again scored a success. Thence we journeyed to Denver, Omaha, through Canada to Boston, and finally to New York, where we finished our opera season on Friday night, April 25th, on which occasion Madame Patti appeared in *La Traviata*. The house was crammed from floor to gallery, and the audience remained, after the performance, insisting on hearing "Home, sweet Home," once again. Before leaving the theatre, Madame Patti presented many members of the company with handsome

diamond rings and other articles of jewellery, as souvenirs of the successful tour.



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE CITY OF LEON.



It was Alick Robbins who named the invalid the Living Skeleton, and probably remorse for having thus given him a title so descriptively accurate, caused him to make friends with the Living Skeleton, a man who seemed to have no friends.

Robbins never forgot their first conversation. It happened in this way. It was the habit of the Living Skeleton to leave his hotel every morning promptly at ten o'clock, if the sun was shining, and to shuffle rather than to walk down the gravel street to the avenue of palms. There, picking out a seat on which the sun shone, the Living Skeleton would sit down and seem to wait patiently for some one who never came. He wore a shawl around his neck and a soft cloth cap on his skull. Every bone in his face stood out against the skin, for there seemed to be no flesh, and his clothes hung as loosely on him as they would have upon a skeleton. It required no second glance at the Living Skeleton to know that the remainder of his life was numbered by days or hours, and not by weeks or months. He didn't seem to have energy enough even to read, and so it was

that Robbins sat down one day on the bench beside him, and said sympathetically:

"I hope you are feeling better to-day."

The Skeleton turned towards him and laughed a low, noiseless and mirthless laugh for a moment, and then said, in a hollow, far-away voice, a voice that had no lungs behind it: "I am through with feeling either better or worse."

"Oh, I hope it is not as bad as that," said Robbins; "the climate is doing you good down here, is it not?"

Again the Skeleton laughed silently, and Robbins began to feel uneasy. The Skeleton's eyes were large and bright, and they fastened themselves upon Robbins in a way that increased that gentleman's uneasiness, and made him think that perhaps the Skeleton knew he had so named him.

"I have no more interest in climate," said the Skeleton. "I merely seem to live because I have been in the habit of living for some years; I presume that is it, because my lungs are entirely gone. Why I can talk or why I can breathe is a mystery to me. You are perfectly certain you hear me?"

"Oh, I hear you quite distinctly," said Robbins.

"Well, if it wasn't that people tell me that they can hear me, I wouldn't believe that I am really speaking, because, you see, I have nothing to speak with. Isn't it Shakespeare who says something about when the brains are out the man is dead? Well, I have seen some men who make me

think Shakespeare was wrong in his diagnosis, but it is generally supposed that when the lungs are gone a man is dead. To tell the truth I *am* dead, practically. You know the old American story about the man who walked around to save funeral expenses; well, it isn't quite that way with me, but I can appreciate how the man felt. Still, I take a keen interest in life, although you might not think so. You see, I haven't much time left; I am going to die at eight o'clock on the 30th of April. Eight o'clock at night, not in the morning, just after table d'hôte is done with."

"You're going to *what*!" cried Robbins in astonishment.

"I'm going to die that day. You see, I have got things to such a fine point, that I can die any time I want to. I could die right here, now, if I wished. If you have any mortal interest in the matter I'll do it, and show you that what I say is true. I don't mind much, you know, although I had fixed April the 30th as the limit. It wouldn't matter a bit for me to go off now, if it would be of any interest to you."

"I beg you," said Robbins, very much alarmed, "not to try any experiments on my account. I am quite willing to believe anything you say about the matter—of course you ought to know."

"Yes, I do know," answered the Living Skeleton sadly. "Of course, I have had my struggle with hope and fear, but that is all past now, as you may well understand. The reason that I have fixed the date for the 30th April is this: you see I have only a certain amount of money—I do not know why I should make any secret of it. I have exactly 240 francs to-day, over and above another 100 francs which I have set aside for another purpose. I am paying 8 francs a day at the 'Golden Dragon,' that you see will keep me just thirty days, and then I intend to die."

The Skeleton laughed again, without sound, and Robbins moved uneasily on the seat.

"I don't see," he said finally, "what there is to laugh about in that condition of affairs."

"Don't you?" said the Skeleton. "Well, I don't suppose there is very much; but there is something else that I consider very laughable, and that I will tell you if you will keep it a secret. You see, the old Golden Dragon himself—I always call our inn-keeper the Golden Dragon, just as you call me the Living Skeleton."

"Oh, I beg your pardon," said Robbins, stammering. "I—"

"Oh, it doesn't matter at all. You are perfectly right, and I think that a very apt term. Well, the old Golden Dragon makes a great deal of his money by robbing the dead. You didn't know that, did you? You thought it was the living who supported him, and goodness knows he robs *them* when he has a chance. Well, you are very much mistaken. When a man dies in the 'Golden Dragon,' he, or his friends rather, have to pay very sweetly for it. The Dragon charges them for re-furnishing the room. Every stick of furniture is charged for, all the wall paper, and so on. I suppose it is perfectly right to charge something, but the Dragon is not content with what is right. He knows he has finally lost a customer, and so he makes all he can out of him. The furniture so paid for is not



"I AM GOING TO DIE AT EIGHT O'CLOCK ON THE 30TH APRIL."

re-placed, and the walls are not papered again, but the Dragon doesn't abate a penny of his bill on that account. Now, I have enquired of the furnishing man, on the street back of the hotel, and he has written on his card just the cost of mattress, sheets, pillows, and all that sort of thing, and the amount comes up to about 50 francs. I have put in an envelope a 50-franc note, and with it the card of the furniture man. I have written also in the latter, telling the old Dragon just what the things will cost that he needs, and have referred him to the card of the furniture man who has given me the figures. This envelope I have addressed to the Dragon, and he will find it when I am dead. This is the joke that old man Death and myself have put up on the Dragon, and my only regret is that I shall not be able to enjoy a look at the Dragon's countenance as he reads my last letter to him. Another sum of money I have put away, in good hands where he won't have a chance to get it, for my funeral expenses, and then you see I am through with the world. I have nobody to leave that I need worry about, or who would either take care of me or feel sorry for me if I needed care or sympathy, which I do not. So that is why I laugh, and that is why I come down and sit on this bench, in the sunshine, and enjoy the posthumous joke."

Robbins did not appear to be able to see the humour of the situation quite as strongly as the Living Skeleton did. At different times after that when they met, he had offered the Skeleton more money if he wanted it, so that he might prolong his life a little, but the Skeleton always refused.

A sort of friendship sprung up between Robbins and the Living Skeleton, at least, as much of a friendship as can exist between the living and the dead, for Robbins was a muscular young fellow who did not need to

live at the Riviera on account of his health, but merely because he detested an English winter. Besides this, it may be added, although it really is nobody's business, that a Nice Girl and her parents lived in this particular part of the South of France.

One day Robbins took a little excursion in a carriage to Toulon. He had invited the Nice Girl to go with him, but on that particular day she could not go. There was some big charity function on hand, and one necessary part of the affair was

the wheedling of money out of people's pockets, and the Nice Girl had undertaken to do part of the wheedling. She was very good at it, and she rather prided herself upon it, but then she was a very nice girl, pretty as well, and so people found it very difficult to refuse her. On the evening of the day there was to be a ball at the principal hotel in the place, also in connection with this very desirable charity. Robbins had reluctantly gone to Toulon alone, but you may depend upon it he was back in time for the ball.

"Well," he said to the Nice Girl when he met her, "what luck collecting, to-day?"

"Oh, the greatest luck," she replied enthusiastically, "and who do you think I got the most money from?"

"I am sure I haven't the slightest idea—that

old English duke, he certainly has money enough."

"No, not from him at all; the very last person you would expect it from—your friend, the Living Skeleton."

"What!" cried Robbins, in alarm.

"Oh, I found him on the bench where he usually sits, in the avenue of palms. I told him all about the charity and how useful it was, and how necessary, and how we all ought to give as much as we could towards it, and he smiled and smiled at me in that curious way of his. 'Yes,' he said in a whisper, 'I believe the charity should



A NICE GIRL.



"COUNT THAT OVER CAREFULLY."

be supported by everyone; I will give you eighty francs.' Now, wasn't that very generous of him? Eighty francs, that was ten times what the Duke gave, and as he handed me the money he looked up at me and said in that awful whisper of his: 'Count that over carefully when you get home and see if you can find out what else I have given you. There is more than eighty francs there.' Then, after I got home, I——"

But here the Nice Girl paused, when she looked at the face of Robbins, to whom she was talking. That face was ghastly pale and his eyes were staring at her but not seeing her. "Eighty francs," he was whispering to himself, and he seemed to be making a mental calculation in subtraction. Then noticing the Nice Girl's amazed look at him, he said:

"Did you take the money?"

"Of course I took it," she said, "Why shouldn't I?"

"Great Heavens!" gasped Robbins, and without a word he turned and fled, leaving the Nice Girl transfixed with astonishment and staring after him with a frown on her pretty brow.

"What does he mean by such conduct?" she asked herself. But Robbins disappeared

from the gathering throng in the large room of the hotel, dashed down the steps, and hurried along the narrow pavement towards the "Golden Dragon." The proprietor was standing in the hallway with his hands behind him, a usual attitude with the Dragon.

"Where," gasped Robbins, "is Mr.—Mr.—" and then he remembered he didn't know the name. "Where is the Living Skeleton?"

"He has gone to his room," answered the Dragon, "he went early to-night, he wasn't feeling well, I think."

"What is the number of his room?"

"No. 40," and the proprietor rang a loud, jangling bell, whereupon one of the chambermaids appeared. "Show this gentleman to No. 40."

The girl preceded Robbins up the stairs. Once she looked over her shoulder, and said in a whisper, "Is he worse?"

"I don't know," answered Robbins, "that's what I have come to see."

At No. 40 the girl paused, and rapped



THE NICE GIRL TRANSFIXED WITH ASTONISHMENT.

lightly on the door panel. There was no response. She rapped again, this time louder. There was still no response.

"Try the door," said Robbins.

"I am afraid to," said the girl.

"Why?"

"Because he said if he were asleep the door would be locked, and if he were dead the door would be open."

"When did he say that?"

"He said it several times, sir, and about a week ago the last time."

Robins turned the handle of the door; it

was not locked. A dim light was in the room, but a screen before the door hid it from sight. When he passed round the screen he saw, upon the square marble-topped arrangement at the head of the bed, a candle burning, and its light shone on the dead face of the Skeleton, which had a grim smile on its thin lips, while in its clinched hand was a letter addressed to the proprietor of the hotel.

The Living Skeleton had given more than the 80 francs to that deserving charity.

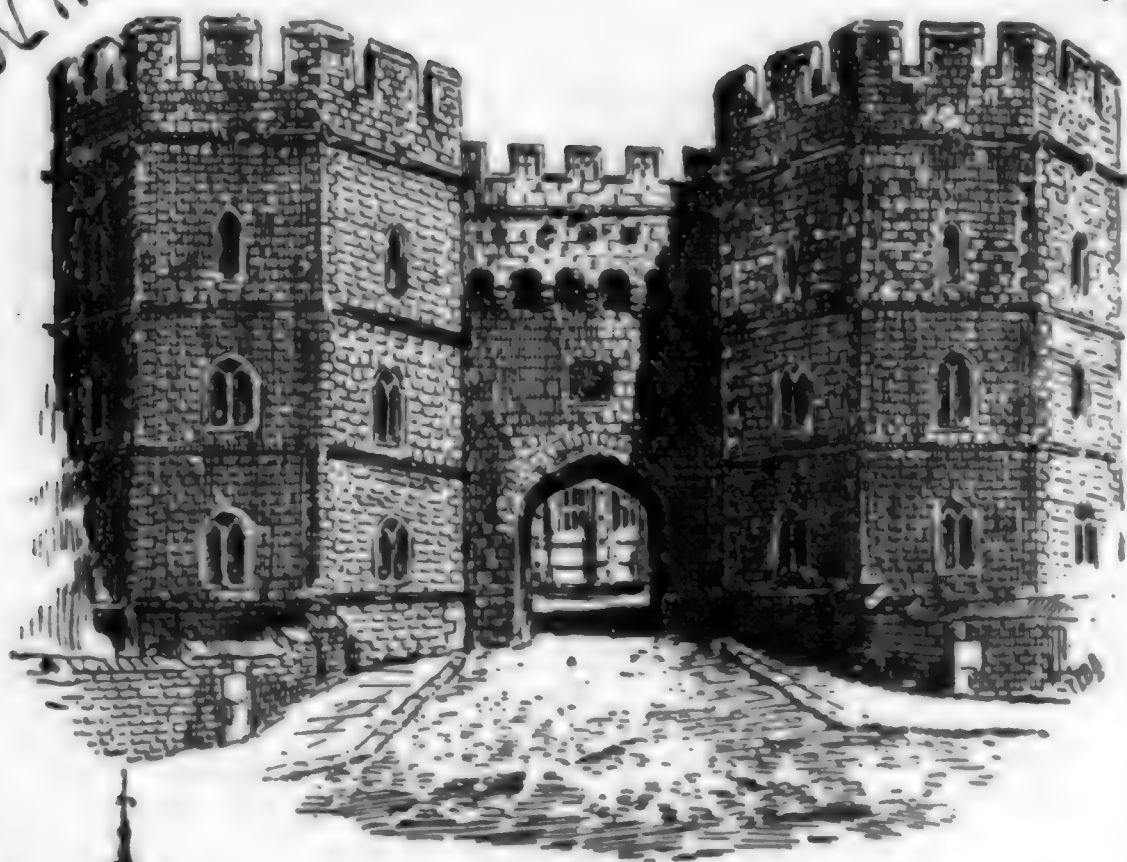


THE GIRL PRECEDED ROBBINS.



"THE LIVING SKELETON HAD GIVEN MORE THAN THE EIGHTY FRANCS."

Windsor Castle and its Memories.



BY PHILIP MAY



THE home of our Queen at Windsor is superior, both in situation and antiquity to any other palace in the whole wide world; and it has been the residence of so many of our sovereigns, that its history is identified, to a considerable extent, with that of the kingdom; yet, old as the Castle is, it still retains the glow and poetry of romance.

Edward the Confessor had a palace at old Windsor; and here Earl Godwin, being suspected of having compassed the death of the king's brother, protested his innocence, and said he hoped the piece of bread he was about to eat would choke him if he lied. Whether he lied or not, does not certainly appear; but the earl was choked for all that, and Harold, who was to oppose the Conqueror, succeeded to his father's power, and virtually ruled England for twelve years. Peace was preserved, justice administered, and the realm increased in wealth and prosperity; and had it not been for his quarrel with his brother Tostig, which took place in the royal residence at

old Windsor, Harold might have enjoyed a long and prosperous reign after the death of the Confessor.

One of the last acts of the priest-ridden king was to transfer his abode and lands at Windsor to the Abbey of Westminster; but William the Conqueror (when he came over to England with the ancestors of all those who have obtained land or made money within this realm) is said to have piously remarked: "Pooh, pooh, these excellent monks must not be tempted with deer parks and such vanities!" and to have relieved them of a possession which might have proved to them a temptation and a snare.

William the Conqueror moved to New Windsor; and the new residence is first mentioned in the chronicles of Roger de Hovenden, who notes the gifts of archbishoprics made by the king whilst there. William Rufus was at Windsor in 1095 with all his council, excepting the Earl of Northumberland; "for the king would not pledge his troth that the earl should come and go in security," says the Saxon Chronicle. Nevertheless, the earl's absence was made a pretence for levying war against him, and he was made prisoner and confined in the Castle.

King John lay here while the first instalment of our liberties was being arranged for; and Magna Charta was signed between Windsor and Staines, at Runimede, a name evidently derived from Rūn and Mede, signifying in Anglo-Saxon, the Council Meadow. Here probably the Witangemote had assembled at times, before the Conquest.

The Castle was greatly altered and improved by Henry III., but the glories of its history begin in the reign of Edward I., who held a splendid tournament in the park in 1307.

It was not until later in the fourteenth century that the royal residence began to assume its present extent and arrangement, when William of Wykenham, at a salary of a shilling a day, was employed to superintend the extensive alterations and additions made by Edward III.

Under this monarch Chaucer was "clerk of the repairs" at Windsor, and we may fancy the cheerful old poet, with eyes downcast as in a dream, moving through the royal park, while birds were singing and all nature smiled.

The "Roman de la Rose," a French poem of the 13th century, of which Chaucer's "Romaunt of the Rose," is a partial translation, contains an indirect allusion to Windsor. The difficulties and dangers of a lover, whilst pursuing, and obtaining the object of his desires, is the argument of this poem. This design is couched under the allegory of a rose, which the lover, after numerous obstacles, gathers in a delightful garden. He scales lofty walls, and forces the gates of adamant, and enters enchanted fortresses, inhabited by various divinities, some of whom assist, and some oppose, the lover's progress. In one adventure, the lover is invited to dance, by "Courtesy." Among the company are "Largess," held by the hand of a knight, kinsman of Arthur of Brittany, and "Franchise," white as new fallen snow. The reference to Windsor occurs in the lines:—

"By her [Franchise] daunced a bachelere,
I cannot tellen what he hight,
But faire he was, and of good height;
All had he ben, I say no more,
The lordes sonne of Windesore."

The lord of Windsor was, no doubt, the king of England, at the

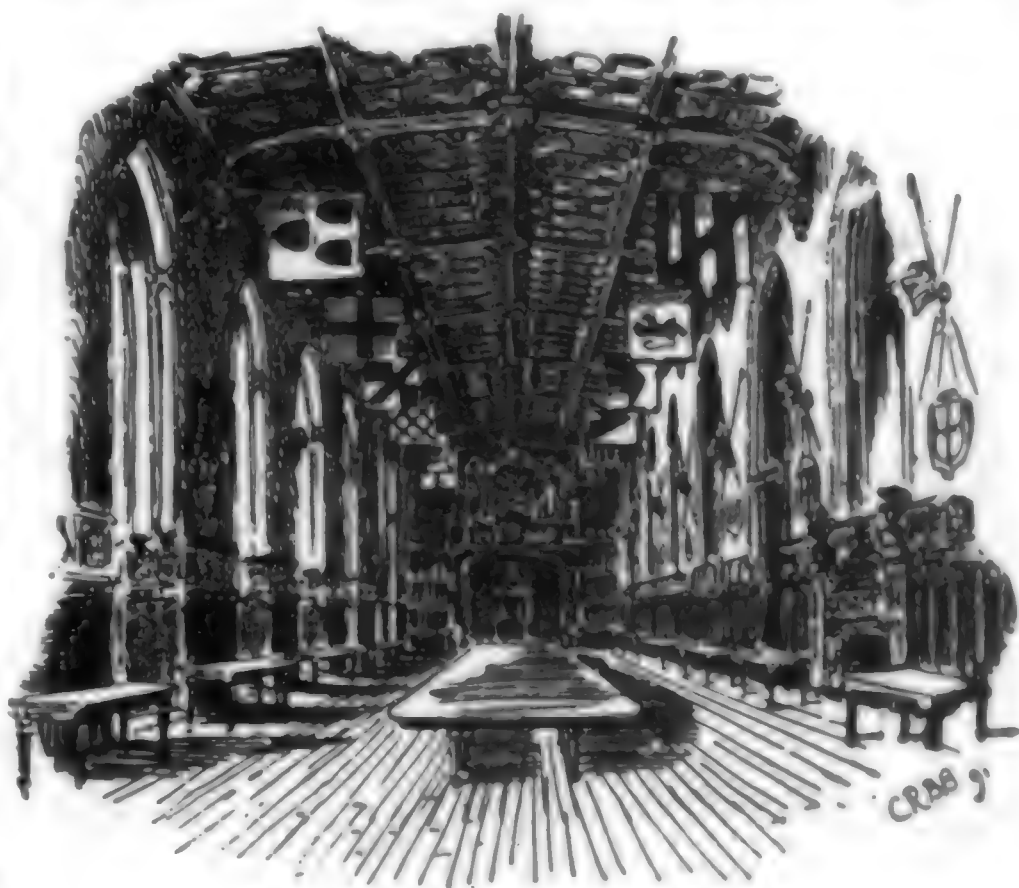


THE DEANERY CLOISTER.

time the "Rose" was composed, probably Edward I.

In imitation of King Arthur, the imaginary founder of British chivalry, Edward III. determined to hold a round table or assembly of knights at Windsor, open to all comers; and there was a brilliant assemblage of English and foreign chivalry, which brought the king so much glory in an age devoted to feats of arms, that it was repeated a year later, and again when the monarch returned from Crécy.

About this time, we first hear of the Garter as a badge or ornament with the motto "*Hony soit qui mal y pense*," the true meaning of which is "Shame to him who thinks ill of it," the popular translation, "Evil be to him who evil thinks,"



ST. GEORGE'S HALL.



THE NORMAN GATE.

being altogether erroneous. The chronicles of the time do not afford any information as to the origin of the remarkable badge ; but the romantic incident to which its extraordinary symbol has been ascribed, is neither absurd nor improbable.

The popular account is that, during a festival at court, a lady happened to drop her garter, which was taken up by King Edward III., who, seeing a bystander smile, exclaimed, "*Hony soyt qui mal y pense.*"

In the spirit of gallantry, and according to the custom of wearing a lady's favour, the king is said to have placed the garter round his own knee. The anecdote, which is as old as the reign of Henry VII., *e ben trovato si non vero*. It not inaptly illustrates the manners and customs of the time. The true knight, whether of royal or humble birth, was bound to protect every lady from any pain or unpleasantness; and the king was a gallant knight, or, in other words, a true gentleman.

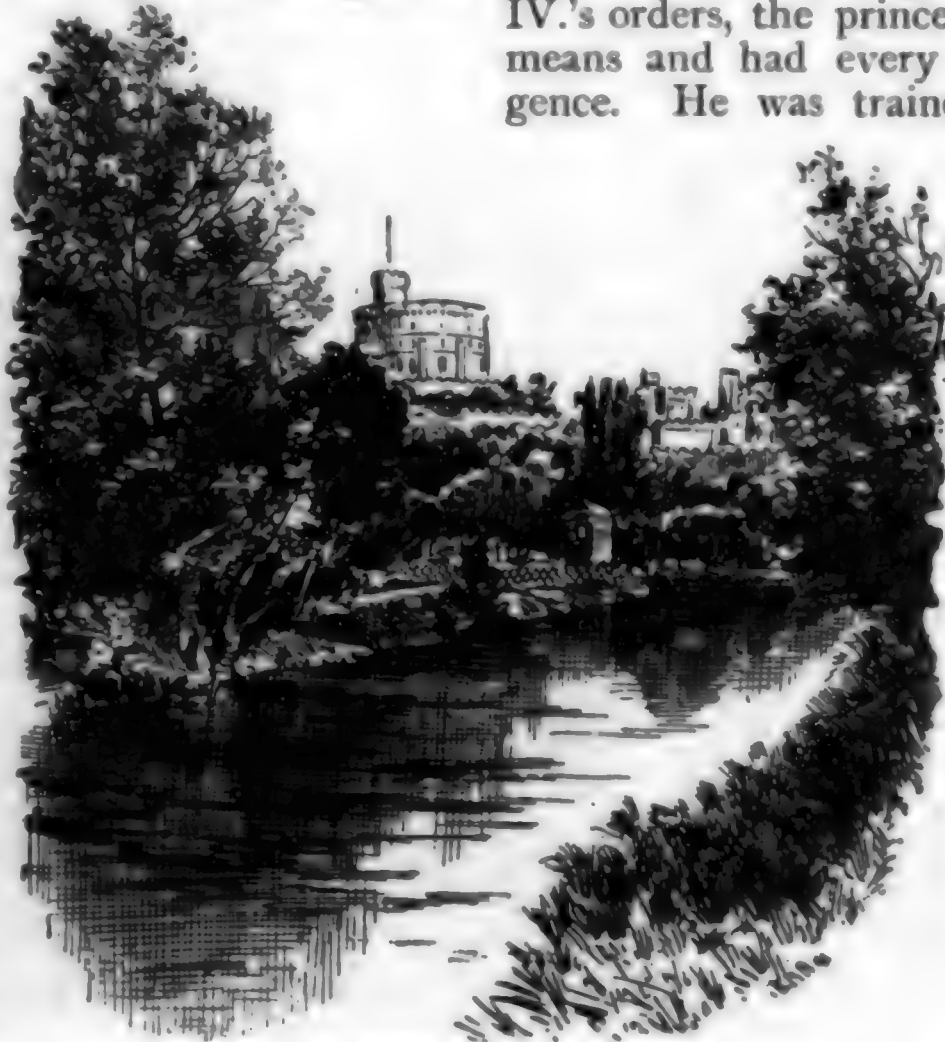
Several romances of chivalry and captivity are

intimately connected with Windsor. When the Black Prince took King John of France a prisoner, at the battle of Poitiers, the prince made a banquet for his prisoner, upon whom he waited at table. Having made a truce for two years with France, he conducted his royal prisoner to London, which he entered, in procession, riding on a little palfrey by the side of the king, who was mounted on a splendid white steed, and attired in royal apparel. Edward III. came to meet them, and vied with his son in courtesy to him whom the fortunes of war had made their guest. John was entertained at Windsor, and having signed a treaty, he was conducted with honour to his own country ; but, being unable to fulfil

all the conditions of the treaty, he voluntarily returned to captivity, and soon afterwards died in the Savoy.

Another prisoner of state was James I. of Scotland. Dissensions in the royal family crippled the power of Scotland at the very beginning of the fifteenth century ; and the weak king, Robert III., deeming the life of his son in danger, caused the young prince to set sail for France. The ship, however, was captured by English vessels in 1405 ; and then began a gentle and generous captivity, which was certainly of advantage to the poet king. By Henry IV.'s orders, the prince was provided with means and had every luxury and indulgence. He was trained in all arts and

arms, and became a scholar and a cavalier ; and at Windsor, too, looking down into a garden fair below, he first saw Lady Jane, daughter of the Earl of Somerset, and grand-daughter of John of Gaunt. Describing the commencement of love's young dream, the poet—who had inherited the crown of Scotland on the death of his father—says :—



THE VIEW FROM THE LOCK.



THE HOME OF OUR QUEEN AT WINDSOR.

"And therew^t kest I doun myn eye ageyne,
 Quhare as I saw walkying under the toure,
 Full secretely, new cumyn hir to pleyne,
 The fairest and the freschest zoung floure
 That ever I sawe, methot before that houre
 For quhick sodayne abate, anon astert,
 The blude of all my bodie to my hert.

"And though I stole abaieſt tho a lyte.
 No wonder was ; for quby ? my wittes all
 Were so overcome wt pleasaunce and delyte,
 Only through letting of myn eyen fall
 That sudaynly my hert became hir thrall
 For ever, of free wyll ; for of menace
 There was no token in hir suete face."

Describing the lady fair, he continues:

"In her was youth, beauty, and humble port,
 Bounty, riches, and womanly feature,
 God better wote than my pen can report ;
 Wisdom, largesse, estate, and cunning lure,
 In every poynt so guided her mesure
 In word, in deed, in shape, in countenance,
 That Nature might no more her child advance."

And this model of girlish perfection the young king wedded, and found her not less worthy than his poetic imagination had pourtrayed. Still the king remained a captive until 1424, when he was liberated, in order to secure England from the hostility of the Scots, the Protector of the

Realm during the infancy of Henry VI. finding that he had enough to do to hold his own against the French.

Good Queen Bess, to whom we owe so many good things, first caused the terraces to be made, thus giving to the royal abode what is, certainly, neither its least striking, nor least attractive characteristic ; and it is said, that when in Windsor, in 1593, she asked Shakespeare to write a play, showing Falstaff in love, and that the *Merry Wives* was acted at the Castle in that year.

Until the Restoration nothing much was done by the Stuarts to Windsor ; but Charles II. made some important additions, and some of the State apartments, shown to the public, were erected by him.

During the reigns of George IV. and William IV., £771,000 was spent upon the Castle, the money being voted by parliament ; and the alterations and renovations made by these sovereigns have left us but little that is really ancient. Since the Queen ascended the throne about £70,000 has been expended upon the stables ; and these also are well worth a visit.



VIEW OF THE CASTLE FROM THE PARK

A LIFE'S HISTORY

CHAPTER XII.

CROSS PURPOSES.



Alderman Thompson was at a loss to know what to do with his brother's novel; and the morning after Philip's visit to the office he felt inclined to destroy the manuscript.

On reflection, however, it occurred to him that Philip might still stay and declare his innocence; and the possibility that his brother might pursue such a course, caused the city magnate much uneasiness. Samuel Soper was not at hand to give the alderman any advice; and the little man had not been to the office since he started to bear the ill news of Philip's departure to the fugitive's niece in Keppel Street.

Hesitating as to his course of action, the alderman glanced at the manuscript, and found it little to his liking; and then, looking for the end of the novel, he discovered the short stories which Dick had written and Lily had asked her father to take to his publishers. At first the alderman was vexed to think that his son had been wasting his time in writing such trifles: but he read the stories, and liked them better than Philip's novel; and then they suggested to him a way out of his difficulty. He could take the parcel to a

publisher, and could say the stories were his son's, without telling an untruth.

The man of business deemed prevarication a necessary adjunct of commercial diplomacy, and he saw no harm in it; but he deemed himself a religious and an honourable man, and he condemned lying as a wile of Satan. The alderman had a code of ethics; but, to suit his own convenience, he could avoid its laws. He also possessed a conscience; but, fortunately for him, this troublesome and unremunerative piece of property was of a very elastic nature, and he was able to stretch it out so as to cover a multitude of sins.

In spite of his cruelty to his wife, the auctioneer still considered himself superior to his neighbours; and this model magistrate and man of business was generally supposed to be a severely moral individual. He would often deliver a homily to the petty offenders upon whom he passed sentence; and whenever an alderman failed in business or did anything that he ought not to have done, Mr. Thompson would declare that a person elevated to such a



THE ALDERMAN BURNED HIS HAND.

lofty position should be both wealthy and blameless.

The auctioneer was not in a happy frame of mind, when he put the manuscripts in his bag and took a hansom to the publisher's; but, on the way to the Row, he comforted himself with the reflection, that Philip was in all probability far away, and not likely to return.

Mr. Paternoster, the well-known publisher, was rather surprised when a clerk handed him the alderman's card; but Mr. Thompson was at once admitted to the publisher's private room, and he placed the manuscripts on the table, taking care to leave Dick's short stories on the top.

"You did not think I was a likely person to bring you a heap of fiction, did you, Mr. Paternoster?" the alderman asked, when they had wished each other good morning.

"No," the publisher replied. "I did not suppose that you were an author when I saw you at the Art and Literature banquet at the Mansion House."

There was an awkward pause for a moment; the alderman was not quite at his ease, and had not made up his mind what to say; and, as an introduction to business, the publisher remarked:

"We used to publish your brother's works; and that, perhaps, is why you are good enough to favour us with an offer of this."

The publisher put his hand on the pile of manuscript; and then, noticing that it consisted of some short tales and a three-volume novel, he smiled. A romance by one of the civic fathers was a novelty likely to be profitable; and Mr. Paternoster honestly mentioned this fact to the alderman.

Anxiety and worry had made the auctioneer nervous; and it now occurred to him that the publisher, or one of his readers, might be acquainted with Philip's handwriting. Still, it was too late to beat a retreat; and so, feigning to be amused at the publisher's idea, he gave a

loud laugh, which was neither hilarious nor cheerful.

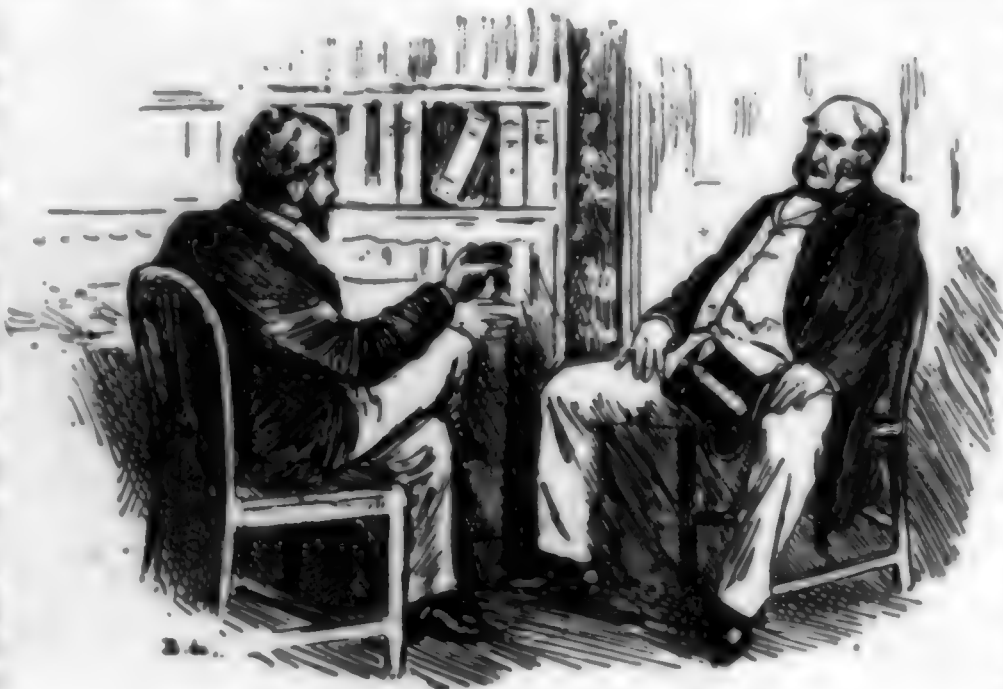
"You don't really think that I wrote all that nonsense, do you?" the auctioneer asked, giving a loud guffaw. "I don't think I ever read a novel in my life; and I am sure I never attempted to write one. Novelists represent the world either as a den of thieves or as a paradise intended for flirtation; and their works are always silly, and very often wicked."

Mr. Paternoster knew that there were many persons who deemed all fiction pernicious, though such an opinion as the alderman entertained was not often expressed in his presence; and he was rather amused at hearing novelists and their works condemned by a man who boasted that he had never read a novel, and yet brought him a long story and several short tales.

"Well, Mr. Thompson," the publisher said, glancing at the manuscripts on the table, "perhaps you would not mind telling me who is the author —"

"Of this heap of nonsense?" the alderman continued. "My son has only just finished these tales, and I want you to oblige me by reading them to-day. He has just taken his first-class in classics at Oxford, and I am afraid success has turned his head, and made him think that he is overflowing with genius, and that it is a moral duty, which he owes to society, to preserve every drop of the stream. Now, what I want you to do, is to disabuse his mind on this subject; and I can assure you that the young man will be indebted to you for life. If you make him understand that he has no talent for writing, he will come to my office and work away as he should, for he's my only son, Mr. Paternoster, and the business will be his one of these days."

The alderman sighed, as he always did when death was the subject of his thoughts; and Mr. Paternoster, thinking that his judgment might really be of great service to the



"YOU ARE MISTAKEN," MR. PATERNOSTER REPLIED.

young author, agreed to read the manuscript at once.

Then the auctioneer returned to the office, and great was his joy when Samuel Soper told him that Philip had gone away, and that Lily believed her father was guilty. The little man really thought that the girl was convinced, but he was not aware how difficult it is to destroy a young girl's ideal.

In the afternoon the alderman returned to the publisher's, and then he was neither nervous nor embarrassed. "I have come to hear what you think about the trash I brought you this morning," he said, when he had been shown into Mr. Paternoster's private room, and then, seeing that the publisher was reading one of his son's short sketches, he added, "I suppose you have read enough to be able to condemn the whole as food unfit for the human mind."

Mr. Paternoster looked up and smiled; he was not often able to praise the first work of a young author, and to do so always afforded him pleasure.

"I will be candid with you," he began.

"Thank you, I like candour," the alderman answered, as he rubbed his fat hands together, eagerly expecting to hear some witticism at the expense of the absent author.

"I have not read all these short tales; but, judging them by the one I have just finished, I should say that they were written some time before the novel. They would do very well for a magazine, I dare say, but they are of no great value. As to the novel, I should tell you that I was rather busy this morning, and as you wanted our opinion to-day, I handed the novel over to our reader; but, when I asked him about it after lunch, he spoke so highly of the opening chapters, that I determined to read the manuscript myself. For a first novel it is very good indeed, and we shall be happy to pay two hundred and fifty pounds for the copyright."

"Two hundred and fifty pounds!" exclaimed the astonished alderman.

"Ah!" said the publisher, "you think that very little for all the time your son has spent on this novel. I dare say you are right, but it costs us a great deal to advertise the work of an unknown author, and there is a considerable risk. In this case I do not expect we shall get our money back on the three-volume edition; but the author has talent, and he is sure to write again, and when he has made a reputation we shall make our profit on the cheap edition. We really could not afford to give more, though we should be glad to publish the novel."

"I don't want my son to become a hack-writer," the alderman answered. "There's a business ready for him to step into, and I don't want his head upset with a pack of love and nonsense."

"You are mistaken, I assure you," Mr.

Paternoster replied, passing his fingers through his long hair, and wondering whether the alderman really thought the manuscript worthless, or if he considered that the sum offered was too small. "The novel is a good one, though it would not be a safe investment for us if we were to give a high price."

"You don't quite understand me, Mr. Paternoster," the alderman replied. "I want my son to become an auctioneer, not a scribbler. I dare say there's not a single writer who makes half as much as I do in a year; and if my son is encouraged to think that he's a literary genius, he won't take to our work. I shall take away the manuscript," the alderman continued, "and I hope you'll not put any false ideas into his head if he should come to you; and of course you'll not write to him, for, if you did, it would be his ruin."

"If you really mean what you say, it would be of no use for us to discuss the matter further," the publisher answered sharply, being vexed to find that his time had been wasted on a manuscript which was not for sale.

When Mr. Paternoster opened the door for the auctioneer, he entertained a very



"HE BEGAN TO SNORE, IN A LOUD, IF NOT ARTISTIC, MANNER."

low opinion of those men who believed that all novels were bad ; and he was determined never again to read a manuscript brought to him by such a person. The alderman, who was profuse in his thanks, returned home ; and, upon his arrival at the Manor House, he went immediately to the library and began to tear up Philip's manuscript. This process, however, took too long, he found, and he placed the novel in the grate and took a match-box from his pocket to set fire to the work which had cost his brother so much pains.

Still, at first, the matches would not strike, and then the paper, being in a pile, burnt but slowly. The delay irritated him, and he hurt his hand when he tried to take out a few burning sheets in order to set fire to the side of the heap which had not yet caught. Then Dick entered the room, and when the young fellow saw his tales on the table, and his uncle's manuscript burning in the fire-place, he looked at his father as if he expected some explanation.

"I am sorry you've been wasting your time on such trash, and I hope I shall hear no more about it," the alderman said angrily as he left the room.

It was not too late to save a part of the manuscript from the flames, and Dick rescued all he could. He had called at the house in Keppel Street, and there he had learned that Lily had come down to Romford, and that she did not know where her father was. The young fellow walked up and down the room two or three times, lost in thought ; and then he glanced up at the clock, and seeing that it

was nearly dinner time, he took up all that remained of the manuscript and went away to dress, determined to ask his father for an explanation, and to speak of his love for Lily directly they were alone after dinner.

Aunt and niece were waiting in the drawing room when the dinner gong sounded ; and then Dick entered the room and kissed his mother and Lily. The girl was much embarrassed, for in her aunt's presence she could not tell her cousin that

their engagement was at an end. But her uncle soon appeared at the door, waving his hand as a sign for his wife to lead the way to the dining-room.

After a long grace had been said, there was silence. The alderman feasted, but even dinner did not make him forget the troubles and cares of life ; and he wished his wife, his son, and his niece, to suffer at least as much as he did. He kept all the tit bits for himself ; he hacked the meat which he cut off for the others ; and when he drank he scowled at the company ;

he took more wine than usual, and directly the ladies left the room he began to snore, in a loud, if not artistic manner ; and though he was not able to deceive his son, he made the young fellow understand that he was not in the humour for conversation, and that he did not intend to give any explanation of his conduct.

Dick consequently did not stay long in the dining-room ; and when he had listened to his mother's congratulations, he asked her to leave the drawing-room for a little while, as he wished to speak to Lily. The good lady loved her son dearly, and she



DICK PUT HIS ARM ON LILY'S SHOULDER.

was rather jealous of Lily just then. She thought that Dick might have had his chat with his cousin, and still have allowed her the pleasure of looking at him. It was the first time she had seen him for some months, and she would not have interrupted the conversation of the young people; but she made no complaint, and went away, though she knew that by leaving the cousins together she might incur her husband's displeasure.

When they were alone, Dick put his arm on Lily's shoulder, and she told him all she knew about her father's disappearance, and spoke of the promise she had given never to marry without her father's consent.

"We can never have that now," she said.

"It will all come right in the end," Dick pleaded. "I will find your father and prove his innocence, and then, Lily, you will reward me with your hand."

"I am afraid," she answered, "that papa will never come back to us. He loved me so dearly, and I never thought that he could go away from me without even saying good-bye."

Lily wept, and Dick kissed away her tears, and smoothed her dishevelled hair.

"I will not lose you," Dick answered. "You love me, and you shall be mine, even if I have to spend the best years of my life in searching for your father. He is a good man, Lily," the young man continued, "and I am sure he never committed a crime. I am determined to prove his innocence, and when that is done I shall come to you for my reward."

"It was because of the suspicion which had fallen upon him that he refused his consent to our marriage," the little maiden answered, with her eyes modestly turned away from her companion.

"To whom did uncle intend to take his manuscript?" the young lover inquired.

"To Mr. Paternoster," Lily replied.

"I saw my father burning the manuscript this evening, when I came in," Dick said.

"Oh, papa will be so vexed," she exclaimed; and then, remembering that he

might never hear of its destruction, she added, "if he ever comes back to us."

She wrung her hands and wept, and her lover, kneeling down by her side, tried in vain to comfort her.

They were lost in their own sad thoughts, or they would certainly have heard the alderman's footsteps, which, even when he wore his slippers, were none of the lightest. But whether lovers laugh or weep, they inhabit a world that is all their own, into which it is not fitting that grosser mortals should penetrate. The result of such intrusion is often disastrous to all concerned; and when the alderman entered the room he lost his temper, Lily blushed, and Dick rose from his knees in anything but a calm frame of mind.

"Please remember," said the alderman, looking savagely at Lily, "that I won't have any philandering here. I have taken charge of you out of charity, but I'll have none of these little games going on in my house."

"Whatever has happened has been my fault," Dick replied.

"Whatever has happened indeed," repeated the alderman. "I should just like to know what could happen between you and a girl whose father is a thief, and whose mother——"

"My uncle is an honourable man, and my aunt was a noble woman. As to Lily, I hope soon to make her my wife," Dick said, interrupting his father.

"You little snake!" the enraged alderman



"YOU LITTLE SNAKE!" THE ENRAGED ALDERMAN EXCLAIMED.

exclaimed, "to come here with your designing arts in order to try and entrap my son into marriage! I wonder that the bread of charity which you eat doesn't choke you!"

"Lily has won my love," Dick answered firmly, "but not by any designing arts. I would make her my wife to-morrow, but she refuses to marry me until her father's innocence is established."

"You will have to wait a long time for her, if you don't marry her until that happens," the alderman said, with a sneer on his face.

"I will prove his innocence, and bring him back to us," Dick answered resolutely.

"But perhaps, father," he continued, trying to smile pleasantly, "you would not mind telling us how you became possessed of uncle's manuscript, and why you destroyed it; the information may assist me in my search."

"You impudent rascal!" shouted the alderman, seizing his son by the collar of his coat and shaking him.

The young fellow had kept his temper up to this time, but now he became angry, and Lily put her hand upon his shoulder and said:

"Dick, surely you won't strike your father."

"No, Lily," he replied, "I will not do that, but I shall leave the house at once."

"That you shall!" exclaimed the alderman, letting go his hold upon his son's coat. "Out you shall pack this very night, and never a brass farthing of my money shall you receive!"

"I will work for my own living," Dick replied.

"Out of my house you go this moment!" the alderman shouted in his rage.

"God bless you, Lily," Dick said, turning to the little maiden whom he loved. "I will prove your father's innocence, and then I shall come back to claim your hand as my reward."

The young fellow kissed her, and then ran up stairs to his mother's little sitting room.

"Mother," he said, "I am going away again. I have quarrelled with my father, but it was not my fault. Kiss me at once, and let me go; for if my father finds me here, he will be angry with you."

A few minutes later the young man left the house; he had only a light purse in his pocket, but his hopes were high, and his heart was light. He had set himself a noble task, and one difficult to accomplish; but healthy youth has ever a store of hope and self-confidence, and Dick expected before long to prove the innocence of his uncle, to make a name for himself, and to come back and claim the hand of his fair cousin as his reward.

CHAPTER XIII.

A PERSISTENT SUITOR.

When the alderman rose the next morning he was tired and angry. He complained of his breakfast, saying that the kidneys were not fit to eat; and afterwards, when he went to his room, he heard Lily's canary singing, and swore that he would have no such noise in the

house. He sent his wife to fetch the little bird of song, and when she returned, he put his hand into the cage, and seized the little creature by the neck.

"It is Lily's canary, and Dick gave it to her," Mrs. Thompson exclaimed, as she saw what her husband was about to do.

"We keep the thief's brat out of charity," he said, "but we're not going to provide for a parcel of birds. As he spoke, the strong man wrung the canary's neck; and, when the pretty creature lay dead in his hand, he put it back into the cage to see if it would move again, as some birds will after a sudden death.

His timid wife shrank from him in loathing; but he called her back, and bade her take the cage and its dead inmate to the girl, who was mourning for her father.



"MOTHER," HE SAID, "I AM GOING AWAY AGAIN."



LILY COULD ONLY SIGH AND WEEP.

The poor woman left the room, though she had no intention of complying with her husband's cruel order, and soon afterwards the alderman started for the city, where men respected and honoured him.

When he arrived at the office, Samuel Soper was already there; and the little man had received a letter from the hospital nurse, in which she said that she had received no answer from her husband, and requested her champion to call again. The alderman read the letter and laughed, for now that Philip was gone, he was no longer afraid of the woman.

When the head of the firm told the junior partner that he had turned Dick out of the house for making love to Lily, the little man listened attentively to the alderman's words, and it occurred to him that her uncle would be glad to give the girl a dowry in order to get rid of her.

"Now," said he, when the alderman had done speaking, "for a good many years I've not been a marrying man, but I feel I'm getting on in years, and I'd like to settle down. What I want to know is, am I to take the aunt or the niece? Polly Smith is a fine figure-head of a woman, which Lily ain't; but then the little one has years before her, and she's sure to develop, whilst the big one's sure to decline. I'm over forty now, and you're older, Mr. Alderman Thompson; still, if the insurance tables are to be trusted, I ought to have time to see the young girl grow up and get into her prime. But these scientific sta-

tistics ain't always to be trusted, for a man may go off at any moment, in spite of the actuaries."

Samuel Soper paused a moment, and then continued in a more poetic strain: "Polly Smith is like a ripe, red rose, whilst Lily resembles a blushing bud of promise. The one is likely to decay soon after it is plucked; but I must remember, with regard to the other, that many a pretty beginning comes to naught, and that in the most promising bud the canker worm often lurks concealed. You see, it's six to one and half-a-dozen to the other, and so I'll leave the choice to you, and take either of the women, with a dowry of twenty thousand pounds."

"Why the one is a married woman, and the other wouldn't have anything to do with you," the alderman replied.

"You need not trouble about that. There is something indefinite in my manner that makes all the girls run after me," Samuel Soper observed.

"You don't think this something indefinite will induce me to give you twenty thousand pounds, do you?" the alderman asked.

"Indeed," Soper replied, "that is exactly what I do expect. Here have I been slaving for you for years, committing felonies and misdemeanours without end—"

"Hush—hush!" exclaimed the alderman.



THE ALDERMAN COMPLAINED OF HIS BREAKFAST.

"I'm not going to hush," said little Samuel Soper, getting up and arranging his coat and waistcoat, like a bantam cock giving a last touch to his feathers before going into action. You owe your twenty thousand a year to me; and all you give me is a beggarly thousand a year."

"You had a thousand pounds for saying a few words to my niece not long ago, and you shall have another thousand when that business about the nurse is satisfactorily settled. Besides, Soper, you're my partner, you know," the alderman said, puffing himself out as much as possible in order to make the little man understand how great was this honour.

"Partner, indeed! A pretty sort of partner you are! What I say is, share and share alike. If you don't like that, give me one of these women that I'm in love with, and twenty thousand pounds. I'd take 'em both at the price, if that were permitted; but as it ain't, I'll leave the choice to you."

"But neither of them would have you, Samuel, my boy," the alderman answered.

"Oh, I'm Samuel, your boy, now, am I?" the little man inquired, in no amiable tone. "I'm a fine youngster, I am, and 'ave taken a long time to grow; and I can tell you that those creatures which don't develop in a hurry are the finest animals in the end, for they've more staying power than those that spring up sudden, like mushrooms, and die away before you know they're there."

"But if I were to say, 'Go to Lily, my boy, win her, and I will give you my blessing,' what would you do?"

"For that fair flower, and twenty thousand to boot, I'd do anything," the little man replied, twirling his moustache in order to look fierce. "But if you said the other

sweetheart, you know, I should embark for the dangerous cruise of matrimony with less to fear and more to cling to."

"No, no," said the alderman, "you can't have my sister-in-law as a bride. If Philip comes back, he must find his dear, deserted wife ready to receive him with open arms. But if you like you may take Lily, and retire from business; and I'll give you a thousand a year all the same."

"Well," said Samuel Soper, assuming the attitude of a bather about to dive, "if I must plunge in, here goes. But you must make it fifteen hundred, for a fellow who hurls himself into marriage is like the

Doge's ring that they threw into the Adriatic, as he can't tell whether he'll find repose and peace, or if there will be unruly currents and the roaring of an angry and disturbing element."

"I will give you a thousand a year, and not a half-penny more," the alderman answered.

"Well," Samuel Soper said, after a little consideration, "it's a bargain, and there's my hand upon it. I'm going to beard the lioness in her den; but my paw, you see, is as steady as an



THE ALDERMAN KILLS THE CANARY.

avalanche."

"How are you going to set to work?" the head of the firm inquired.

"Ah!" said Samuel Soper, silyly, "you don't know the sex as I do. A woman of imperial proportions likes to be treated with that courtesy which was shown to dames and damsels fair by gallant knights in days of old; but Lily ain't that sort. I gave it her too strong last time, and that's where I made the mistake. Girls in their teens like to take their love and their liquors diluted, and you must send them home their article about as weak as the milkman delivers his concoctions."

"Dick seemed to be giving it to her hot and strong," the alderman replied.

"You don't understand women, and you can't expect to have the knowledge of them that I possess. I've been making them my special study all my life, and I may tell you that girls of her age fancy they're in fairy-land, and each expects that a handsome young prince will come sailing over a bright sea in a golden argosy, to find her waiting for him in a high tower, which no one can enter who comes without the magic *open sesame* of love."

"Will you bring this mysterious article down to Romford to-day, so that you may commence proceedings at once?" the alderman asked.

"Well," Samuel Soper answered, "it is rather sudden, you know; but they say that a man who's about to dive in shouldn't stay too long shivering on the bank."

So it was arranged that Samuel Soper should commence his courtship at once.

Lily, after the alderman had started for town, had retired to her room to be alone. Her father was gone, and she blamed herself because she had not won his confidence; and Dick, whom she loved, was gone too, and she had been the innocent cause of his banishment from home. Dick, she hoped, would be able to prove her father's innocence, and to bring the wanderer back; but she could only sit and sigh and weep, and the live-long day passed, bringing to her no relief and no release from sorrow.

She still wore her mourning, but her dresses were faded and shabby, and the costly furniture of the mansion made them conspicuous. She had bought no new costumes since she left the house in Gloucester Grove, and now, for the first time, she felt that she was not suitably attired. She was not eager to array herself in bright robes, which would have been out of all harmony with her gloomy thoughts; but she regretted that the crape was faded, and that she could not replace it.

When sorrow reigns, even trifles have the power to annoy, and she went down to the drawing-room feeling ashamed as well as sad. But she soon forgot her own humiliation in beholding that of her aunt, who had taken too much wine, and was waiting, in fear and trembling, for her husband's return. The poor woman was aware of the fault which she had committed, and was expecting punishment; and she was so afraid of her husband's anger that only



"ALL THE GIRLS RUN AFTER ME," SAID SOPER

with the greatest difficulty was Lily able to persuade her to go to her room, and to plead the headache, of which she complained, as an excuse for not coming down to dinner.

Lily had taken her aunt upstairs, and was waiting in the drawing room, when the alderman and Samuel Soper arrived; and just as she was thinking what she should say to her uncle, the little man entered the room, and offered her his hand.

"Well, my dear, how are you?" he asked, smiling in what he considered his most captivating manner.

"You must excuse me," Lily said, attempting to pass him, but the little man stretched out his arms, so that she could not move from her place.

"I've made it all right, my little flower," he said, "and you are to blossom in future for yours truly, Samuel So'er. We're to be left alone, and I'm to have fair play, and no spoke is to be put in my wheel."

"Would you kindly let me pass?" Lily said haughtily.

"The last time I spoke to you here, I hadn't your uncle's permission to address you; but I have now, my dear," Samuel Soper said, paying no heed to her words.

"Mr. Soper, I insist upon you allowing me to pass," Lily repeated, trying to avoid his outstretched arms.

"I'm sure, my pet, I'm actuated by the most honourable intentions," Samuel Soper observed, dodging about to prevent the possibility of her escape.

"Perhaps, my dear," he continued, when she was no longer making any effort to pass him, "I may have startled you when I last spoke of love. I may have been too hasty, and, if so, I apologise. Prince Rupert, you know, was rash and zealous, and some say that I take after that gallant cavalier."

"I consider your language an insult," Lily said, looking at the little man disdainfully.

"You need not be angry with me, for I shall do you no harm," Samuel Soper continued. "You've no call to turn up your nose at me, I can tell you; for I've been called 'Handsome Sam' before to-day by many a good-looking wench, and I'm not a poor man, either."

"I shall request my uncle to protect me," Lily said, making a last vain attempt to get away.

"Now don't you be a fool, Lily," Samuel Soper continued. "You've been aiming at high game, but you've not brought him down. You just touched him up on the wings, but now he's off again. I don't pretend to have as much gold on my plumage as young Dick, but I ain't a sparrow for all that. Still, if you had him, he'd never lay any more golden eggs, and after a year there wouldn't be the price of a pot of beer between you. As to the young Cupids that have a habit of coming after matrimony, they'd have to run about as naked as those you see in the Academy. Just think the matter over, and remember I quite forgive you for what you said the last time I was here. I know that every

fashionable young lady rejects the addresses of the gentleman whom she secretly admires, when he first asks for her heart. I thought you weren't quite so high-toned, you know; and this ignorance, and the impetuosity of my passion, must be my excuse for my making such a dashing onslaught at first. A regular charge of the light brigade, wasn't it?" he asked, smiling.

"I will never marry you," she said, looking fiercely at the little man, who drew back a little. But then the door was opened, and the alderman entered, and Samuel Soper rallied his retreating courage.

"We sallied forth against the enemy, but we were driven back, and lost some of our guns," he observed to the alderman.

"I am sorry to hear it," the great City man replied. "Mr. Soper has my good wishes, Lily, and I trust I shall hear of no further opposition."

"I shall never marry Mr. Soper," Lily replied.

"You will think better of it," the alderman answered pompously, "for I approve of the match, and wish it to take place."

"Women," observed Samuel Soper, "don't like to lower their colours when the first shot is fired. At them, again and again; and if you keep it up long

enough they'll treat in the end."

"Well, well," said the alderman, "we had better go to dinner without more ado: if you give way to your feelings, Soper, anxiety as to the future will deprive you of half your digesting power, whilst worry about the past will rob you of the rest."

When the three were seated at the table Samuel Soper stared at Lily and said: "Hate can see much, but love more; whilst jealousy can equal them both, for it is love plus hate."

No one replied to him, and he continued: "Because my rival has younger eyes than mine it doesn't follow that I'm altogether blind; and, as a matter of fact, Samuel Soper can see as far through a brick wall as most people. I own I'm forty, and I'm



"I TAKE AFTER PRINCE RUPERT," SAMUEL SOPER SAID.

proud of my age ; for if I were younger now, I should be in my grave."

"Ah! Samuel," said the alderman, "the world smiles upon the young. Their good looks are accepted as a proof of innocence, and their joviality as a proof of frankness; whilst their dissipation is passed over as exuberant mirth, and their vice as a peccadillo. But when your features and form have lost their just proportions, people call you a glutton ; if your nose is red, you are a sot ; if you have wrinkles, they denote cunning; and the world says that your prudence is niggardness, and that your knowledge of the world's worthlessness is a morbid melancholy. If you give money away in charity, those who can't afford to give declare that you're ostentatious; and, do what you will, some one is sure to swear that you're a hypocrite, because you're a better man at forty than you were at twenty."

"For my own part," said Samuel Soper, "I can't say that I am much better; but I want to be. The time has arrived when I ought to begin to think of kingdom-come, and I'm ready to settle down." He looked

at Lily, who sat opposite to him, and he allowed his eyes to enjoy her beauty, whilst he was satisfying his flesh with more substantial food.

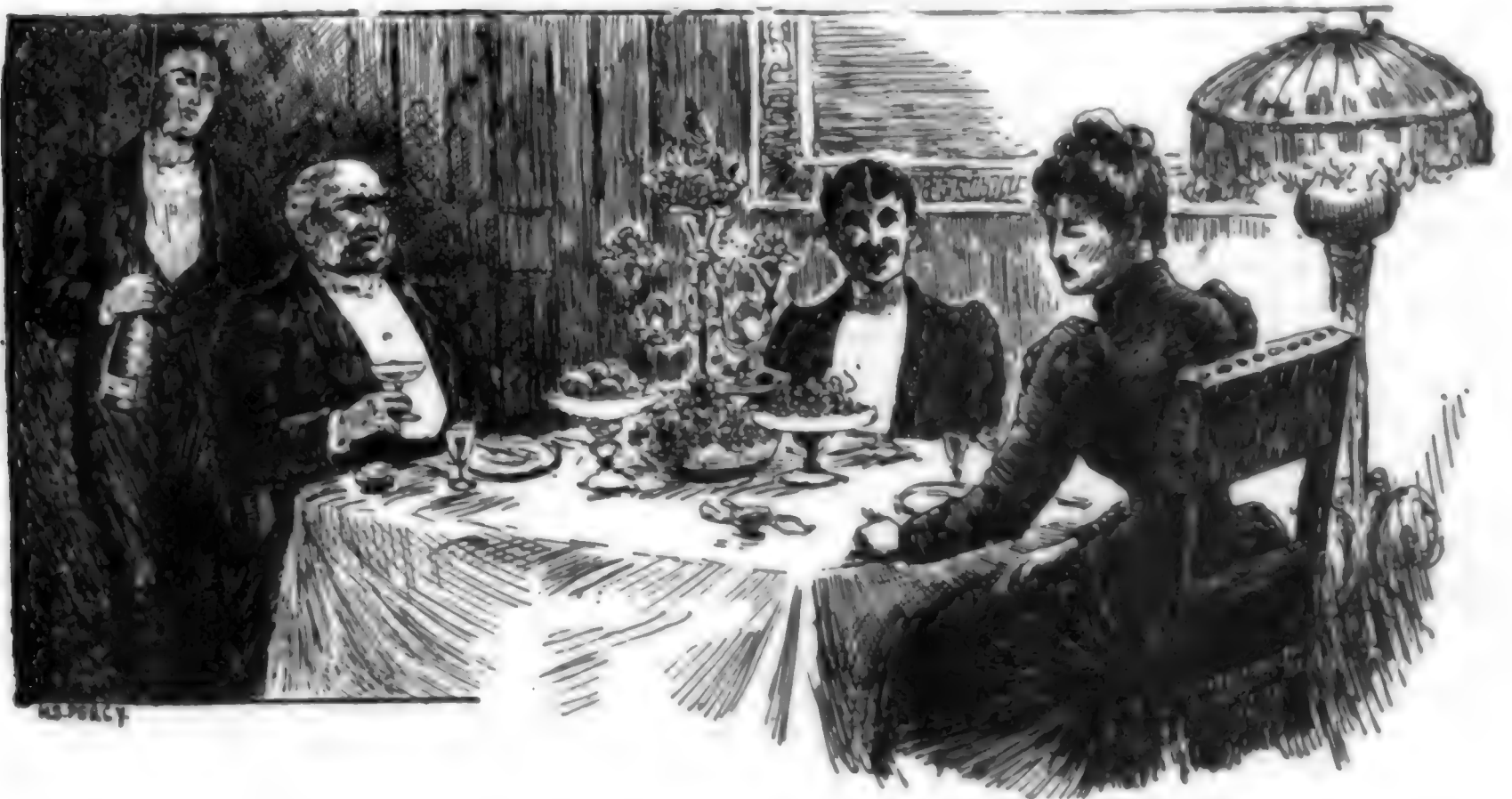
"A girl who sits under somebody else's mahogany should think twice before she refuses an advantageous offer," the alderman observed.

"Why, alderman," said Samuel Soper, "where is your gallantry gone to? You should blush to acknowledge such sentiments."

"Blush, indeed, should I!" exclaimed the alderman. "Here's a girl whose face is her fortune, and yet she won't realise it at an opportune moment."

Lily would not listen to them any longer, and she rose to leave the room; but Samuel Soper went to the door, and before he let her pass, he said:

"My heart has been stolen, but I am not going to prosecute the poor girl who robbed me; she has set my cheek on fire, but I don't accuse her of arson, and she is trespassing on my most tender spot, but I'm no policeman, and I don't say, 'Move on!'"



In order to complete the serial with the first half-yearly volume, the rest of this Story will be published next month as a Supplement.



HERE is a modest coyness about the ordinary London suburban street, sheltering as it does a multitude of strange men and women behind two rows of bay windows, two clean pavements, and a circular-breasted road. You may, perhaps, judge of who is hiding there by the manner in which the two-yard square front garden is kept, or, with slight practice, the style and cleanliness of the window curtains will tell you something; but otherwise, the streets of a suburban residential neighbourhood are much alike, particularly in a fog.

By the way, there is something a little bit absurd about losing your own house in a London fog. For six years you have lived there and paid rent and rates without ever having had to accommodate the broker's man on the dining room couch. The result is you feel certain of being able to lay your hand upon your own door knob under any atmospheric conditions.

But one fine autumn morning—the sear leaves on the balsam under the front window indicate the season—you set out for the City to find everything in a fog. The gas is burning all day, and your train journey home at night is to the tune of bursting fog signals. You then further discover that the fog in the neighbourhood of your suburban retreat is much denser than it was

in the City, but you easily make your way to a swing door beneath a huge lamp at the corner, and here you stay half-an-hour, taking something warm to keep the fog out. Careful man.

Then you start the short walk home, thankful that you know the streets so well. On the way you cogitate upon the ease with which you might be robbed in such a fog, and this thought facilitates your movements.

Why, how quickly you must have come; this is your street, there is only to cross and get to the other end, and you are home.

You cross over and walk towards the other end, but it seems a terrific way off. Has the street been stretched since you left in the morning, or what has happened?

"What a fool you are!" (mental ejaculation only.) Of course, your street is the first to the right, and second to the left; this is — road you are in now, you



"A LIFT INTO YOUR HOUSE, SIR?"

know it as well as possible. How strange the first to the right and second to the left looks in a fog, you hardly recognize it. Your house is the last but two from the bottom.

You are standing in front of the last but two, and unless your ground floor bay window has grown into a three-story bay, and your seary balsam into a gawky sun-

flower—unless these strange things have happened—then this is not your home of the last six years, nor, if it comes to that, is this your street.

It is useless attempting longer to deny, even to yourself, that you do not know where on earth your street is. It will be necessary to inquire of a passer-by. You wait a few minutes for one to pass, but the passer-by seems to be otherwise engaged; the police, too, are evidently very busy elsewhere.

A triple alliance 'twixt your nose, watch, and a wax taper prove it to be close on eleven o'clock. This accounts for the fact that the lights are out in most of the houses, and you don't care to get people out of bed to inquire the whereabouts of your own street and your own house. You might have dropped into a public-house and obtained the necessary information, but you particularly selected this residential neighbourhood because it was free from public-houses. At this point you are feeling utterly miserable, and the yellow fog grows denser.

The local St. Paul's strikes eleven. Good gracious, you promised your wife to be home by the 10.30 train without fail. She will sure to be thinking you are dead, drowned, or mangled in a railway accident.

It is no use fooling about longer, so you take the next turning. A footstep—a slow, solid footstep. How you bless those limbs of the law as they approach you.

"Oh! constable, where is — street?"

"You are in it, sir."

You attempt to look as though you were not in the least surprised, and in doing so slip off the kerb and nearly fall. In spite of the fog you detect a broad smile on the face of the P.C. Then he quietly remarks, "Shall I give you a lift into your house, sir?"

As he takes your arm, you are impressed with the idea that this man thinks you have had too much to drink. But you are too miserably wet to feel indignant, and a shilling passes without a murmur. Your wife sympathizes with you in a quiet, cool way, and makes you feel rather more foolish than when



WAS HE A DIAMOND MERCHANT?

you stood alone in the wrong street. Nor do you go to bed much happier for having heard your wife's sister remark that "Dear George doesn't seem quite himself to-night."

While some people lose their way in a fog, others lose their temper, and for equally reasonable reasons. There are a certain class who seem to regard the



NOTHING LAUGHABLE ABOUT HIM.

suburban streets as their own estate, a place in which they have the right to create the most unearthly disturbance. A friend of mine recently informed me, in great confidence that, were he suddenly appointed Shah of Persia, he should immediately invest in two guillotines, purchase of the British gov-

ernment all the milkmen and newsboys, ship them to his own domains, and there decapitate them in cold blood. This is not a pleasant idea, but let anyone who has tried a quiet Sunday at home, in the suburbs, ask himself on Monday morning whether he thinks this punishment too extreme.

You have spent a restless night, and just dosed off in the early morn, when a strange cry, something between a shriek and a howl, rings through your chamber. It is only a bright-faced little newspaper boy, who is innocently trying to pronounce the names of all the Sunday papers in one shriek. Bless him! You wake up, and listen, as the sweet voice dies away in the distance, and you sometimes wish it might die clean out of existence. But there are other things coming. Listen to that beautifully rounded cat-call that every now and again disturbs the entire atmosphere of the neighbourhood. It is the voice of a man, and he is supposed to be sighing "milk." Personally, I could never understand why milk should not be sold like any other commodity, but I am informed that it is absolutely necessary men should come round, and, at the risk of bursting a blood vessel, announce their

presence with loud and prolonged howling. Vendors of other luxuries follow in due course, in fact, the kindly attention one's every need receives in a suburban street is a feature of modern civilization, a feature that begets pleasant thoughts of the dark ages, when the milk-can and the newspaper were unknown.

If you would pry into the hidden peculiarities of the London suburban street, you will find much information in a local directory. Ordinarily, your next door neighbour is an entire stranger to you, but this book will give you an idea of what profession each man follows, and, though you never may speak to him, yet you are able to entwine his coming and going with fanciful ideas.

Take that tall, thin man with a little head, and well-coloured face. He has pale, grey eyes, light hair, and light moustache. He comes and goes as though he had no object in life, and always wears a buttoned-up frock coat around his small body, and carries a cane. There is nothing laughable



HE HAD BEEN TO THE NORTH POLE.

about him, nothing tragic. I wondered who he could be for a long time, and, at last, thought of hunting him up in the directory. There, he was, "L——, T. J., private detective." Why, how strange I had not thought of it, just the man for the profession. His quiet, nothing-to-do air, was part of the business, it was his way of tracking murderers, and discovering evidence in breach of promise cases, etc. This thought pleased me, and I did not like to let it go when the landlord of the house told me that Mr. L——, hadn't had a case in hand for eighteen months, and owed two years' rent.

The old gentleman next door I do happen to know something of, though the directory is silent as to what he is, or was; and he never speaks to anyone. But neighbouring servants will talk, and in this way I learned that the white-haired old fellow, who is up at three in the morning, and busy with his flower pots, was an officer in the expedition that went to discover the North Pole. He did not find it, and this seems to have hopelessly disappointed him.

There is no need to fish up evidence concerning the gentleman opposite. He informs you, on the least provocation, that he has played in every London play-house of note, and has toured the world. He is always just on the eve of a big engagement at a salary such as is seldom paid a comedian. You have only to drop into his club, and he will tell you a great deal more. In a weak moment you accept the invitation, and, after an "interesting" evening, spent among members of the profession, return home at dawn in a hansom with a bursting headache. However, you can but admire the devil-may-care manner of the man until you learn that his pale-faced little wife spends her days keeping the home together for the sake of the children, and

ekes out the shillings while he borrows and spends the pounds.

It was some time before I learned who that tall, square-shouldered man was with a thick beard. He lives in the last house in the street, and has always a pre-occupied look, and is rather pale. He might have been the manager of an iron works, but his hair is too loose for that.

The head of a bank, I thought, but then he was not neatly dressed enough. Further than that, he has a habit of leaving home about lunch time, and only returning in the small hours of the morning. You may always hear his hansom rattle by, just after your first sleep. I had given him up, when it somehow came out that he was the editor of a daily paper, and was in the habit of thinking out his leaders on his way to town. Sometimes, I think, there is a connection between this man, and the Sunday morning imp, but no matter.

The word "merchant," after the name of a short, thick-necked, middle-aged man, who also lives down the street, set me wondering for some time what sort of a merchant he was. He has a tall, handsome wife, and this added to

the interest. Was he a diamond merchant, or was he one of those men who deal in wild animals, and send their emissaries into the jungles of the world collecting stock? Anyhow, he is not a man who would do the collecting himself. All my household could tell of this merchant was that he left home about eight o'clock in the morning, and returned about the same time at night. It was quite accidentally that I discovered the nature of his merchandise. I have a weakness for a piece of fresh Gruyère cheese, and often go in search of it myself. One evening, I turned into a large, quiet looking establishment, in quest of my particular



HE WILL TELL YOU A GREAT DEAL.

fancy. I got just what I wanted, and went to the counting house to pay. Having picked out the necessary coins, I was about to congratulate the gentleman in charge upon his stock, when I recognized my neighbour of the thick neck. Then he was not a collector of wild beasts, nor diamonds!

Special reference has been made to this collection of neighbours, as showing the peculiarity of a London suburban street. Here, side by side, are gathered men of every occupation, each going and coming day by day, without the least thought or care of what the other is doing. The actor and the journalist, the merchant and the detective, live and sleep side by side, pass and re-pass in the street, and yet know no more of each other than the Zulu does of the Esquimaux.

But now and again our street experiences that touch of nature which makes even suburban neighbours kin.

Two years ago a fire broke out at the corner, in a widow lady's house. She lived with her two little daughters and servant.

It was in the early morning, and our neighbours turned out to a man. It was time to throw off reserve, and while the North Pole old gentleman talked as he had not been heard to do before for ten years, the editor sent a paragraph of the event to his own paper, and then turned up his shirt sleeves and helped to save the widow's goods. "Let me rescue the dear children," cried our friend of the footlights, and a fireman having handed him the two little girls, he bore them to his wife in melodramatic style. Ever since he has told the story of how he rescued the dear children from a fearful death.

In this way the street was thrown together, but in a couple of days it had cooled, and was frigid as ever. Certainly, when one of the residents die, we all lower our curtains, but that is for mere decency's sake. The quiet street tells no tales to the outsiders. We are content to bury our own trials and troubles behind our own brick walls, and go neither to the right nor to the left for sympathy.



THE MAN WITH A THICK BEARD.

FOOTBALL

BY G. W. ALCOCK.

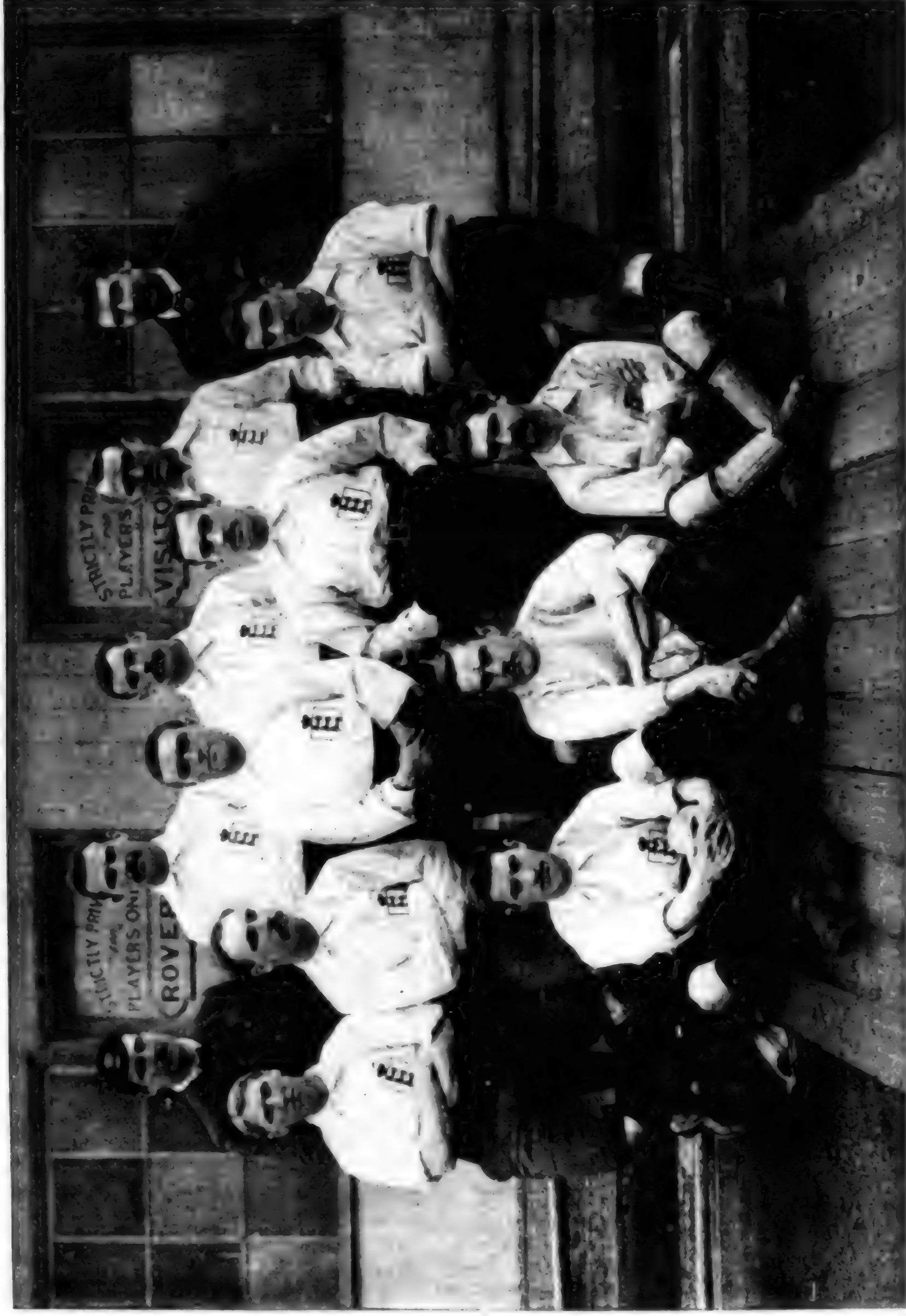
ACCORDING to an old writer, "A winter piece should be beautified with all manners of works, and exercises of winter, as *footballs*, selling of wood, and sliding on the ice." Since then, centuries have left their foot-prints on the sands of time, and still to-day the flying ball remains one of the favourite pursuits of athletic youth. The old order changeth, giving place to new, with only one effect, so far as football is concerned, to have raised it from the low standard of a rough and barbarous pastime, to a foremost place in the calendar of British sports. The history of football illustrates, and in a most forcible fashion, the theory of the revival of the fittest. A halo of antiquity encircles its early days. Its origin is enshrouded in the mists of obscurity. Ball games, as the veriest tyro in classical lore knows, were popular at Rome, as well as with all the states of Greece. That handball was an amusement of the youth of both sexes, among the Romans, there is plenty of contemporary evidence to prove. In the course of time, it is fair to suppose, the foot would come to be the instrument of propulsion, and many writers have been venturesome enough to claim that the *sphairomachia* of the Spartans were football matches. There is, at least, an element of probability that ball-play on some organized lines, football perhaps, in its primitive state, may have come to us as a part and parcel of the various habits and fashions introduced into Britain at the time of the Roman invasion. Certainly, rightly or wrongly, there seems to have been a common idea that the football celebrations with which Shrove Tuesday used to be commemorated in different parts of England, were the perpetuation, in one form or another, of incidents in connection with the Roman invasion, or actually the survival

of customs brought with them into Britain.

Whether it was primarily a mere importation, or a sport of pure native growth, is after all a matter of no great importance. That it was a regular amusement of English in the thirteenth, or, at the latest, in the fourteenth century, is quite certain. Nor was its popularity confined to the north alone. On the contrary, football was in vogue as one of the pursuits of the London school-boys at a date antecedent to the first actual mention of the game in the more northerly regions of England, and on the other side of the Tweed. Fitz-Stephen, writing at the end of the twelfth



PLAY!



From Photo by]

THE ENGLISH INTERNATIONAL FOOTBALL ASSOCIATION TEAM, 1890.

[R. P. Gregson, Blackburn.

century, in a notice of the various pastimes of the youths of London in the reign of Henry II, says: "Annually, upon Shrove Tuesday, the youths go into the fields immediately after dinner to play at the well-known game of ball. The scholars belonging to the several schools have each their own ball, and the city tradesmen, according to their several crafts, have theirs."

Football had become so general that it came under the ban of the warlike King Edward III. The preference for other sports was seriously interfering with the proper practice of archery, so much so, indeed, that in an edict issued in 1349, the king "forbade throwing of stones, wood, or iron, playing at handball, football, and cambucam," on pain of imprisonment. Yet, in spite of counterblasts and royal statutes, there does not seem to have been any limitation in the practice of football. At the same time the work of repression was not carried on very effectively. It was found necessary, indeed, to pass other Acts with the same object in the reigns of Richard II and Henry IV. Considerably later, too, Henry VIII found himself under a similar necessity, and the Merry Monarch even carried his severity so far as to make it a penal office for anyone to make money by providing accommodation for those who affected sports of any kind. No doubt the roughness and lawlessness engendered by the football celebrations in different parts of the country were sufficient justification for the disfavour into which it gradually got in the opinion of the higher classes.

That learned monarch, King James I, indeed, was evidently so fully convinced of its dangers as to give it a prominent place in the set of rules he addressed to his son, entitled "Nurture and conduct of an heir apparent to the throne," addressed to his eldest son Henry, Prince of Wales, and called the "Basilicon Doron; or, King's Christian Dutie towards God." How great was his dislike may be seen in the decree he issued



MR. A. M. WALTERS.

From a photo by Barraud, 263, Oxford Street, W.

in connection therewith: "From this coast I debarre all rough and violent exercises as the football, meeter for laming than making able the users thereof."

Still, in some cases, these royal enactments were after all apparently never meant to be taken *au sérieux*. The law makers, in fact, were themselves the law breakers. It was certainly of little real use to pass an Act directed for the suppression of football and other "unprofitabill sportiss," as was done by one of the Scottish kings, when he himself did not show the smallest disposition to give up active pursuit of the

game. Yet the fact remains, that only a very short time after Parliament had passed an Act with this object, there is a record, in 1497, of the Treasurer of King James IV. paying two shillings "to James Dog to buy fut balls to the king," when he was at Stirling. Under the circumstances, it is hardly a matter for surprise that the game came not long afterwards to be much affected by all classes,



MR. P. M. WALTERS.

From a photo by Barraud, 263, Oxford Street, W.

and in most parts of Scotland football was just the kind of exercise to attract the hardy races north of the Tweed. The "land of the mountain and the flood" was the scene of many of the most interesting ceremonies in the primeval days of football.

Fastern's E'en, as Shrove Tuesday is known to Scotchmen, was the occasion for most of the football games, as in England. In no place was the Shrovetide festival conducted in a more hearty spirit than at the Cross of Scone. The game was between the bachelors and the married men, and the object of the former was to dip the ball three times in a deep place in the river, the goal on the one side, of the latter to put it three times into a small hole on the river, the goal on the other. Curiously enough, it was not allowable to kick the ball, and in case neither goal had been forced during the game, the ball was cut in halves at the finish. There was, as may be imagined, no regard for persons, and, in fact, the game was so rough and the players exhibited at times such unnecessary violence, as to give rise to a proverb: "All is fair at the Ba' of Scone." Nor was there any restriction of sex at these contests. Men, women, and boys alike had their share of the enjoyment. A custom prevailed in a certain parish in Mid Lothian for the married women to play the single at football yearly, on Shrove Tuesday. It is



A RUN WITH THE BALL.

rather significant, too, to find that the married were always victorious. Speaking of the manners and customs of the inhabitants, the minister of Kirkmichael, in Perthshire, said: "Football is a custom of common amusement of the school boys, who also preserve the custom of cock-fighting on Shrove Tuesday." In the Border counties, football gave scope for many a hard tussle, a mimic representation realizing, in some small degree, the excitement of the frequent raids between the restless spirits on each side of the Tweed.

Readers of Sir Walter Scott will doubtless remember his description in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," of the amusements of the English and Scotch troopers during the truce pending the meeting of their leaders in front of Branksome Towers:

"And some with many a merry shout,
In riot, revelry and rout,
Pursued the football play."

Some of these old football Saturnalia were perpetuated to a very recent date. At Alnwick Castle the Shrovetide Festival was celebrated not many years since. Shrove Tuesday, at Derby, was a universal holiday, and the whole town showed intense interest in the annual football match, which was between the parishes of St. Peter and All Saints. The ball was of leather, stuffed with cork shavings, and it was a frequent practice to remove the inside and convey the cover under a countryman's frock, or a woman's shawl, so as to evade the defence and goal the ball. Tradition goes further, and states that on one occasion when the enemy was approaching the goal the water-wheel, which formed it, was set in motion by a device of the besieged party.

This topious reference to football in Scotland must not be taken as evidence that the game had been meanwhile languishing in the south. In the Elizabethan era it was still very much in evidence as a popular amusement. The roughness incidental to its practice was still exercising the minds of a by no means uninfluential section of society. This feeling was expressed by Sir Thomas Elyot, the author of the "Boke called the 'Governour,'" published in 1583, who sees in "foote balle nothing but beastlie furie and exstreme violence whereof procedeth hurte, and consequently rancour and malice do remain with them that be wounded. Wherefore," he adds, by way of summing up, "it is to be put in perpetual silence."

Still, it was a frequent amusement of the

better classes, and mention is made of an accident which befell Lord Sunderland while playing with Lord Willoughby and his servants against a body of country people. Charles II, too, was interested in the game, to judge by the account of a match, in 1681, between the king's servants and those of the Duke of Albermarle, which gave such gratification to his Majesty that he made the principal player on the duke's side a present of a guinea.



HEAD WORK ON THE FOOTBALL FIELD.

Sports and pastime of all kinds flourished bravely during the Tudor dynasty. In spite of the philippics of writers like Stubbes, who considered the game to be "a bloody and murthuring practice, rather than a felowly sporte or pastime," football lost none of its popularity. That it occupied a prominent place among the amusements of the people, is fully shown by the frequent allusion of poets and historians during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. In his "Knight's Tale," Chaucer makes a passing reference in the lines :

"Ther stomblen stedes strong and down goth all,
He rolleth underfoot as doth a ball."

The divine William himself alludes to the game twice at least in his plays. In the "Comedy of Errors" he makes Dromio ask :

"Am I so round with you as you with me,
That like a football you do spurn me thus?"

In the last scene of the first act of "King Lear," he refers (and certainly not in a very complimentary style) to the football player, when he puts the following into Kent's mouth :

"Nor tripped neither, you base football player"
(tripping at his heels).

Until the end of the seventeenth century, it is clear that the game was a favourite amusement of the London apprentice. Though the busy streets of the Metropolis were hardly the most fitting arena for a display of football force, yet the autobiography of Sir John Branston shows that it

was the custom to urge the flying ball in those crowded thoroughfares in the seventeenth century. Even Pepys himself has an entry in his diary, in connection with a visit he paid in January, 1665, to Lord Brouncker, in the Piazza, at Covent Garden, "That the streets were full of footballs, it being a great frost." Still it is not easy to understand how the citizens of London tolerated such close relations with these flying squadrons of football players if the picture Gay gives us in his "Trivia" is accurate :

"Here, oft my course, when lo ! from far
I spy the furies of the football war ;
The prentice quits his shop to join the crew,
Increasing crowds the flying game pursue.
But whither shall I run ? The throng draws nigh,
The ball now skims the street ; now bounds on high ;
The dextrous glazier, strong returns the bound,
And gingling sashes on the pent-house sound."

Football under such conditions, one is bound in sadness to admit, went far to justify Bishop Butler's taunt, when he forbade the game during his head-mastership of Shrewsbury School, "That it was only fit for butcher boys."

Sir Roger de Coverley, writing to the *Spectator*, in 1711, an account of a country wake alludes incidently to a football match which formed part of the amusements, at the same time placing on record his own active connection with the game in that he had played many a match himself. Still the advent of the eighteenth century seems to have been the signal for a gradual

decline in the popularity of football. It is certain that the game was still played in some form or other, and an entry in Hone's "Every Day Book" under date of 1831, shows that Irishmen were wont to occupy their Sunday afternoons with football matches in the fields between Oldfield Dairy and Copenhagen House, near Islington. In Scotland, too, it was still extensively patronised in the early part of this present century, witness the match at Carterhaugh, in Ettrick Forest, between the Ettrick men and the men of Yarrow, which was fittingly commemorated by Sir Walter Scott, then Sheriff of the Forest, in a couple of songs.

Still the game had generally fallen into comparative disuse in most parts of the country at the commencement of the Victorian era.

To the public schools is due, in a great measure, the fact that it never became actually defunct. Though each school, true to its traditions, retained its own particular game, they were mainly the source of the movement which has resulted in the advancement of football to a foremost place among the athletic sports of the day. A little over thirty years ago there was little reason to predict a revival which has produced the only serious rival cricket has ever had in the public estimation. That

football, in a little over a quarter of a century, should have obtained such a hold, is, in fact, one of the most remarkable developments in the history of sport. How much of it is due to the administration of the two great governing bodies it is not for me to say. Wide as poles asunder, still experience has shown that there is ample room for both the Football Association and Rugby Union games.

It is a pity that the attempt of the elder body, the Association, which was formed in 1865, to adopt a code which should be acceptable to the leaders of the two sects, did not meet with success. "'Tis true, 'tis pity, pity 'tis 'tis true." The advantages of one game, and one only, are obvious enough. Still it is pleasant to know that, in the absence of any chance of such a consummation, the sister codes are both flourishing, with every possibility of continued success.

Into the merits of the game itself, I have not space to enter now, though I hope to have the opportunity of dealing with it practically, as it is played to-day. Still, the accompanying sketches will serve for present purposes to perpetuate the best type of contemporary players. The author of "Tom Brown's School Days" has claimed for football that "it is more than a game, it is an institution," *Q. E. D.*



THE GOLD FIELDS OF MASHONALAND.

BY F. E. HARMAN.

RAY SAUNDERS.



Pioneers has sounded the "dismiss."

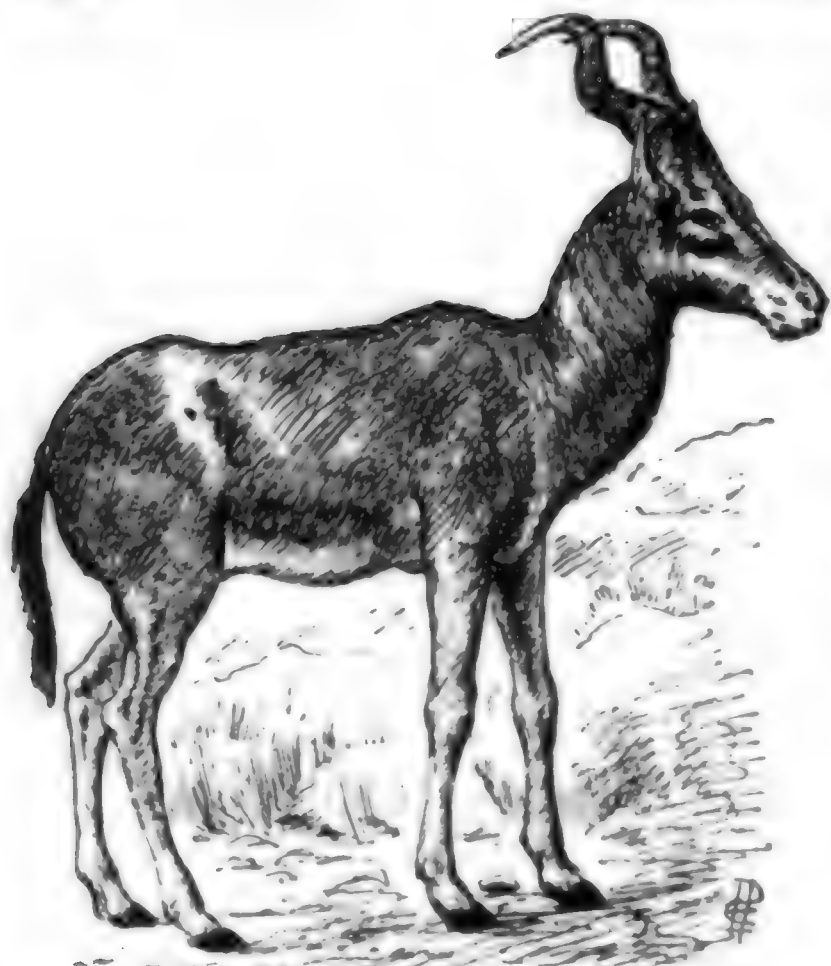
Men who have for many months been associated together as troopers, under military discipline, now realize that, in a moment, all communism of sentiment is at an end, and individual interests again become paramount. With this new, unbuilt town for a starting point, the race for wealth commences, and endless may be the goals where Fortune waits to award her favourites with a golden prize. In the go-as-you-please competition, now commencing, with some two hundred at "scratch," all modes of progression are permitted. Very brisk was a sale of surplus horses, and, had

we have reached Fort Salisbury. The British South Africa Company's brand new flag has been run up and unfurled in the breeze, to the salute of the booming guns and the crackling rifles; the last lusty cheer has been given, and for ever and for aye the cheery bugle of the

donkeys been able to be purchased, the English "coster" would have held up his hands in wonder at the prices they would have realized. The inevitable bullock, so indispensable to African travel, is keenly sought after, and parties of prospectors are made up to utilize, to its fullest extent, an ox wagon and team to carry them and their belongings into the unknown and trackless wilds.

One enterprising party of officers, some of whose members have been in Mashonaland before, slip away in a Cape cart, drawn by four horses, and make for Hartley Hill at a gallop. Opinions are divided as to the justness of such a proceeding, but when on their return a rumour runs round camp that some stone carrying gold has actually been brought back, and the glittering specks of the precious metal can be seen by any enquiring eye, a feeling of relief goes round, for here is, at last, positive proof that the auriferous wealth of Mashonaland has at least some substantiality. Spirits rise; for what one man has found, another may.

Arrangements for departure are hastened, good-byes said, the bullocks inspanned, and a start is made. Let us accompany one of the numerous waggon parties. It is a nice fresh morning, with the usual south-easterly wind rising with the sun. Every one is excited with the novelty of being his own master again, and snatches of song are carolled gaily. Each one is a "good fellow," an "old pal," or a "brick." The Kaffirs



HARTBEESTE.

accompanying the party are on their best behaviour, and grin as they endeavour to understand a polyglot tongue, largely camp English, but with a few Dutch and Kaffir words interspersed. Just as a start is made, a member of the late sailor contingent strolls up to say his bullocks are useless. "Why?" "Well I'm darned if, when my mate Jack cracked the whip, they knew the signal; the blooming beggars just ported their helms, and sheered off." Great is his disgust, when the laugh has ceased, to be informed that he is mistaken in supposing bullocks come in at command.

Now we are off, but it is slow work; and after covering, at the outside, seven miles in about three hours, the bullocks show symptoms of weariness, and a desire to clip the grass rather than devote all their energies to pulling; so we have to stop and outspan, until the heat of the day is past. Far in the distance are a herd of Seesebe, so one of the party starts off to stalk them, but the light is bad, and the distance badly judged, as the ball sends up a small cloud of dust under the largest buck, and away they go. Alas! no fresh meat to-day is the thought of the onlookers at the waggon. Though the white man cannot live easily, evidently the Mashona can. One of the party returning with a bundle of firewood with which to boil the kettle, brings in portions of several curious earth balls, somewhat larger than a cricket ball, and made of a reddish clay that he has found lying round a hole, recently dug, amongst

the grass. A further search discovers one unbroken, and this, when opened, shows a lining, apparently made of tiny pieces of dried grass, adhering to which are two or three cells, evidently of a species of honey bee. The wily native had left this, probably, as its weight told him it was too immature to contain enough honey to reward him for the trouble of breaking it open.

Our noonday halt gives time to examine the many pretty species of wild flowers which flourish on the veldt. Several are of a genera known in England. One of the most common is the lobelia, which I have seen in such bright blue masses as, at a distance, to suggest a lake, reposing under a cloudless tropical sky. The jessamine, with large flowers of delicious odour, has a partiality for the larger and annually flooded river banks, forming a tangle that trips up the fisherman following down, his float gliding onward with the current, as he strolls onward, oblivious to all but his expected prey. Lovely lilies grow in the moister valleys, and in many a quiet pool, into which a rivulet enters under protest, lest it should disturb the occupants with its lullaby. Water-lilies float on the smooth surface, their petals, with an under-surface of cerulean blue, and their faces open to the sun, a mass of white with a golden centre. Gladioli peep up amongst the rising grass, the flower refusing to be lost in its rapidly growing embrace, which but too quickly spreads a dense covering over mother earth, until it reaches a height, commonly of six, and not infrequently of eight feet, on the richer soils.



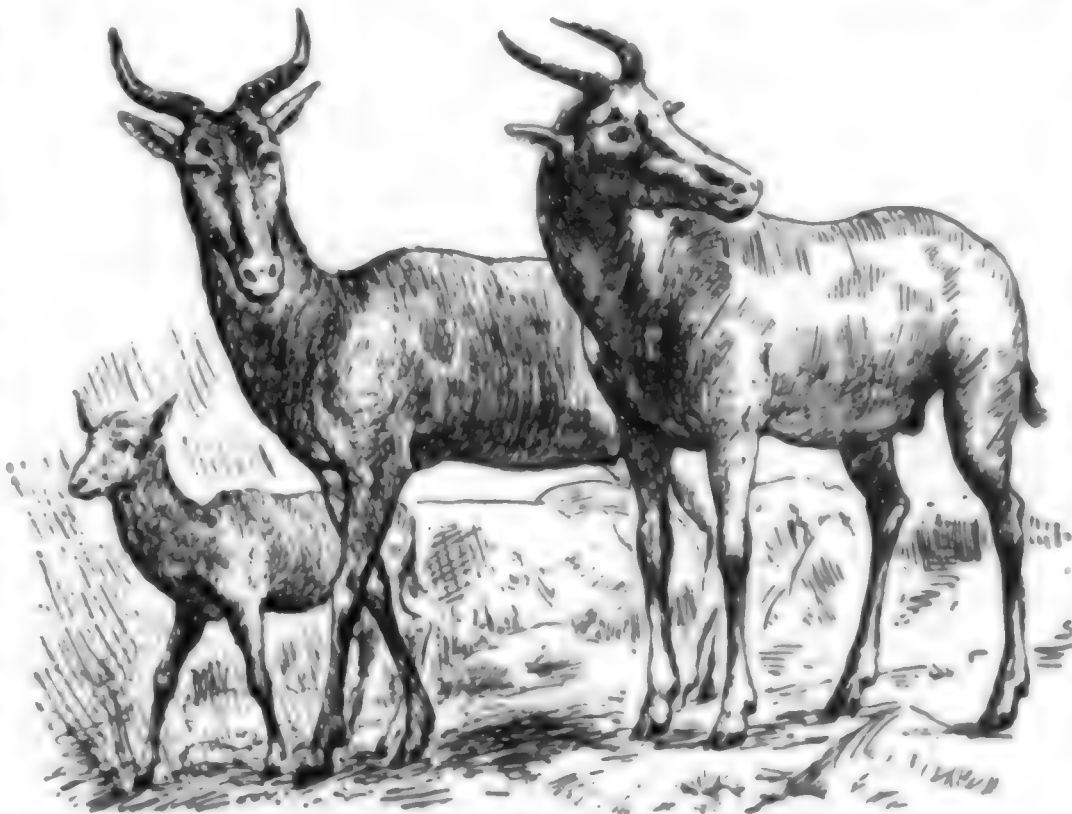
SABLE ANTELOPE

As we lie under the waggon, doing nothing in particular, and watching the cattle wandering off to water, and gazing to repletion on the young grass, a horseman, whom we know slightly, rides up. Veldt hospitality at once offers him a pannikin of coffee, and so far our hearts are generous, as the waggon has three months' provisions in it. How we hope our generosity may be rewarded, when he tells us he has just shot a hartebeeste; his gory hands and knife blade are corroborative evidence that it is not merely a hunter's tale, from the which we have too often suffered. More effusive becomes the welcome, keen the appreciation of the minutest incident in the chase. How we press on him our limited sugar. We could almost jump up, wave our caps, and no less wildly shout hurrah, when he suggests if two of our party were to accompany him, we can have half the carcase. We never thought him half so good a fellow when he was a trooper. On his moving off we accompany him gladly, and return with the spoil just as our chums have, after a good deal of trouble, managed to inspan the bullocks. Then comes the pleasant cool evening trek as the sun declines and the wind dies away, and an odour of the sweet scented verbena we have driven over diffuses itself around, until approaching darkness as well as our appetites suggest supper. How delicious to be one's own master again, no night picket, nothing but to collect the firewood and cook the venison, fetch the water from the clear stream, and make the coffee, and then enjoy unimpaired digestion and the pipe of peace. Surely the bullocks will lie down close to the waggon and we can revel in dreams of our golden days in store, of the lucky finds with which we can astonish city financiers, until company after company is brought out with shares jumping up to a premium, and letters of regret at inability

to allot shares become quite a serious item of expenditure. Or shall we find alluvial gold like unto the 185½ oz. which was found on the De Kaap Fields just as a *hors d'œuvre* to whet the appetite and provide the needful for the trip to England about the more ambitious business of selling our claims.

Then we have to discuss our plans whether we shall at once build huts on high ground, as a safe retreat, before the heavy rains, expected later, render locomotion difficult, and to which we may return, if unhappily malaria seizes us in its weakening clutches; or shall we find the gold first and take care of our health afterwards, and let sufficient for the day be the evil thereof? We decide on the former course, and trek for some days along the high land, so as to avoid swampy

places as much as possible, and rivers that would require their banks to be cut down with pick and shovel, and the larger boulders in their beds removed, before our precious waggon could be got through. One morning I ride ahead in company with a Mashona, who has joined us as shikaree, on



SHISEBE.

promise of a blanket after two moon's service, and whose senses are quickened by the hope of meat. We go over several ridges, but see no game within shot, until they have first seen us and made tracks, and he explains that if he is allowed to go ahead over the next rising ground, the chances are his eyes will be quicker than those of the game, while he will be a less conspicuous object than a horseman. I watch him disappear, feeling conscious that for keenness of vision a civilized man is rarely a match for a savage, and presently I am rewarded by seeing him re-appear all crouched up and beckoning me on. I dismount, and throw the reins over my horse's head on to the ground. As my steed has had the advantage of having had a Dutch hunter as tutor, he knows that reins so thrown down mean stop till further notice.



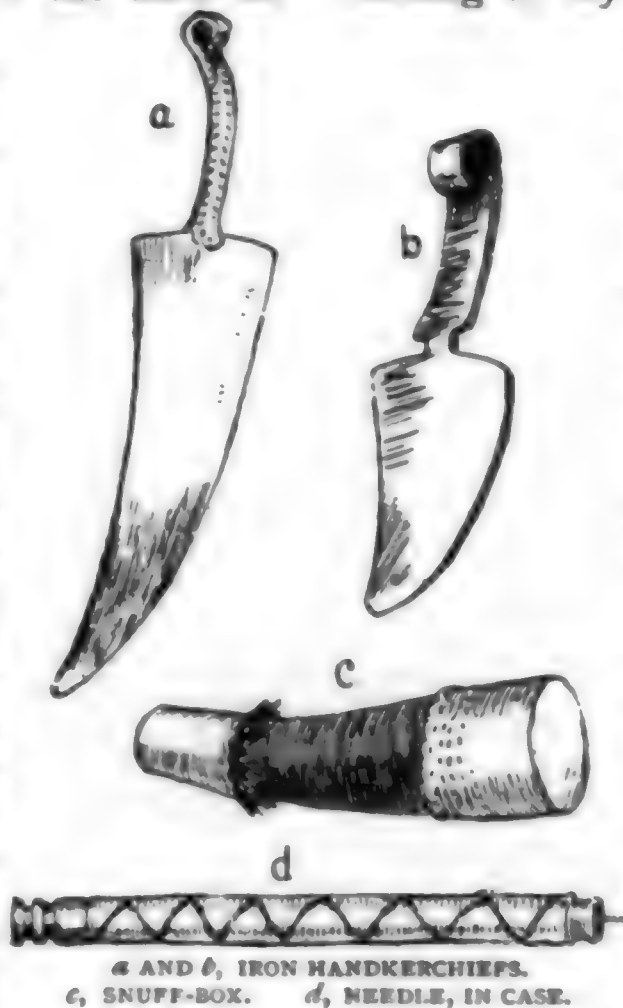
MASHONA MODES OF HAIR DRESSING.

My guide, to whom a horse is an unknown, and, therefore, unkanny beast, thinks this good, and glides along ahead, until we reach the crest of the hill. Then he stops and motions for me to proceed to a bush whose topmast leaves I can just see some way down the slope. Creeping to this, hat in hand and rifle at the trail, I stop and get breath, and then, cautiously rising, take a peep at the landscape. Verily it is a fair one, blue mountains in the distance, tree-covered hills on either side, and in the front an open grassy valley with a line of willow trees and rushes, showing where a tiny stream meanders down to meet its fellows, and form a brook. But what sends a keener sense of enjoyment like an electric flash through my veins, is the sight, in the foreground, of a herd of about a dozen sable antelope grazing in the open, right ahead of me, and quite unaware of danger. Never having seen one before, I put up the two-hundred yard sight with diffidence, and then selected the biggest of the herd for my target. A tremor and a what's up sort of look was all the result of the shot, which I heard strike with that peculiar sound one knows so well betokens a hit in the body. The air was so still, and my position so hidden, the herd did not know what to do or which way to go, so I had ample time to put in another shot, and then a third, yet still my buck did not drop. Feeling, however, sure of him, and knowing we wanted meat badly to dry and make into "biltong," I then turned on the leaden hail to the second largest, and, so bewildered were the herd, they actually came towards me, advancing at

last so close that no sight was necessary. Two shots were plugged into number two, and then, within ten yards of each other, both of the grand animals sank on to the ground as I emerged from my cover. On running up, and examining my prizes, I found all the bullets had struck, and in vital parts; but such is the vitality of the larger South African antelope, that death did not result for some minutes. Meanwhile the survivors fled, their black backs and sides glistening gloriously, and the lighter shades on the belly looking still lighter as they galloped gracefully away in the bright morning sunlight. My Mashona evidently thought he had joined a mighty hunter, and, borrowing my hunting knife, commenced flaying with a skill that told of constant use, nor could he help an expression of delight at the rapidity with which the weapon enabled him to work as contrasted with his own feeble locally-made blade of malleable iron. Returning to my quiet steed, I mounted and

cantered back to the wagon with the good news of meat galore; and, guiding it to the scene of the fray, we outspanned for the day. Like vultures scenting carrion from afar, Mashonas soon appeared and assisted at cutting up the meat into long slips, and hanging it on poles to dry for future use; but we soon found they required constant watching, and their ideas of remuneration were out of all proportion to work executed.

Here was now an opportunity for barter, and messengers were sent to the kraal, from whence our dusky assistants came, to say we were prepared to

a AND b, IRON HANDKERCHIEFS.
c, SNUFF-BOX. d, NEEDLE, IN CASE.

trade the products of the chase for the gifts of the soil. Soon a motley throng began to accumulate, not unpleasing in expression, but not exhibiting signs of any great amount of brain power, often simple looking and not unfrequently with a somewhat Jewish type of face. The ladies do not affect the modest boot lace kilt of the Bechuanas, but prefer dirty little leather aprons, which are a constant source of trouble from their stiffness. Many of them have curious patterns in raised stamp work over their

bodies, others a band of similarly raised dots across the forehead. They have their heads shaven or wear their hair short, and one of the party had her ear lobes tied back with a grass band beautifully plaited, the two ends being unfrayed to form tufts in the ears. Squatting down, they soon unbend the fixed expression of sullenness which, like our own damsels, they but too frequently assume before strangers, giving a suspicion that they regard an unknown man and a villain as much the same individual. Evidently Mother

Grundy stalks abroad as much in Mashonaland as in happy England. This awkwardness past, smiles break over their faces, and the feminine tongue assumes its proverbial anxiety to get through as much work in a given time as possible. They are evidently pleased, too, at compliments paid them in a tongue they know something of, by one of our down country Kaffirs, whose jaws, oiled with free libations from a pot of Kaffir beer, brought early on the scene, and

quickly purchased, run at a great rate. He, like many of his race, is an orator of no mean order, and must have studied declamation under a good master. His powers are now exerted to the uttermost, and his persuasive eloquence is much to his white master's advantage, he, poor man, not yet realizing the necessity of looking on time as of no moment when bartering in Africa. Our friend eats in imagination the luscious entrails of the slain buck, never so sweet before; while he is politely

incredulous at the Mashona's impudence in pretending his corn is really good. And when one is detected in passing off some old grain, sadly weevil eaten, the scorn stop is pulled out, and chords of indignant remonstrance resound at the iniquity of the vendor. Dulcet tones of insinuating endearment follow, when he tries to persuade a maiden that her well-developed charms would become ravishingly irresistible if but a red handkerchief were hers, to wind around that shaven pate. Such a salesman is well worth his beer, nor



A WAGGON "TREKING."

do we grudge the deep libations he so frequently resorts to. And still our visitors arrive. Men stroll in, chiefly remarkable for the pains bestowed on their woolly locks by the clever barber. One has an oblong patch left by the razor on the crown of his head, longer front to back than from side to side, while his friend prefers to wear his the other way about. Next comes an exquisite with his locks reduced to a row of five paint brushes, each carefully drawn in at

the base by some well plaited grass, corresponding to curl papers, and another is satisfied with three across-wise. One has coarse woollen curls, short and compact, another is proud of their length and massiveness, while again others seem to rest content with mere nobs or tufts. The majority find a use for their locks as a receptacle to carry any trifle for personal use, such as a needle in its case, a snuff box, or a handkerchief, or body scraper, which is in much request on a warm day, when perspiration has to be removed frequently. The snuff box depicted is of polished black horn covered at the larger end with skin, tightly stretched, while this fastens itself by the natural shrinking of the skin in drying. Dents are ingeniously punched in rows all round so as to make it appear as if sewn on. The snuff is extracted by moving the loose skin at the lower end, to which the hair still adheres on its inside surface. For purposes of adornment, the feathers of the ostrich, of the bright blue jay, or vivid green parrot, or segments of fox's tails are sometimes worn, but they seem less in request than the products of civilization. Beads of antique make are greatly prized, and little pendants of a dozen or so strung on a dirty tendon, are much appreciated. The trouser button lost by the sportsman scrambling over rocks regardless of the wear and tear of clothes, will be picked up by any of his dusky following and, if bright, added to the head-gear, and, all innocent of their advertising properties, the pictures on preserved meat tins find acceptance.

Brass wire formed into necklaces, armlets, bracelets, and anklets, is a popular article of adornment with both sexes, and our friends now arriving form no exception. But how particular they are! If not exactly of the kind they have been in the habit of wearing, and most of which have been handed down as a precious heirloom from generation to generation, it is passed over with a sneer. It would seem they are

unable to graduate their tastes. Things are either very valuable or absolutely worthless, they have no mean. Their clothes, consisting of a few dirty bits of skin, are best passed over, but some of their weapons are ingenious. Smelting their own iron ore into malleable iron, they manufacture their own assegais, hatchets, and arrow-points, and often, alas! to be taken from them and turned against their friends by a marauding impi of the dreaded Matabele.

They have ingeniously made wooden bowls, scooped out, and decorated by the action of fire, and a variety of wicker baskets. Their sacks for carrying corn are bolster like in shape, the better to be borne on the shoulder, and are made of bark and the fibre of plants, patterns being formed by dyeing the fibre different colours before using.

Interrogating our visitors as to the resources of the country, we are assured that game abounds, that they have supplies of grain and vegetables ample for our needs, and that they will only be too happy to show us gold, and, as an earnest, they produce a small quill with a few grains in it, which they assert they have washed from a river bed within a short distance. Have we reached the Eldorado, then? Everything looks *couleur-de-rose*, so we decide to stop for awhile at any rate, and put up a hut for greater comfort. We stroll around, and fix on a knoll commanding a fine view, as the site for our residence, and the early dawn sees us a self-constituted fatigue

party, with axe in hand, and stern resolution marked on each brow, selecting trees to fell and carry from the adjacent wood. Somewhat like the Swiss Family Robinson, of our boyhood's story book, we seem to have all the material for our rough shanty provided us on the spot, as we make the delightful discovery that the bark of the tree we are felling for supports is fibrous, and well adapted to tie on the reepers, while its removal from the wood makes the latter look better, and



MASHONA GRANARY.

lessens the ravages of a tiny boring beetle, which, otherwise, infests the wood and causes a continual cloud of fine, brown powder to descend, in puffs, on the heads of those beneath. By breakfast time we have made quite a show, and are in the highest spirits, and talk lightly of building, not one hut only, but a store, a bedroom-hut a-piece, a living room, and a kitchen. Then the Mashonas, who have contracted to bring in bundles of grass for thatching, come in with what we think miserable loads, and immediately proceed to help themselves to pounds of meat with the evident intention, after lighting a fire, of doing nothing but eat for the remainder of the day. We

remonstrate, and they decamp astonished at our vigorous ways, and, humiliating though it is, we have to knuckle under and parley, or our house would remain a skeleton until we turned grass cutters. Eventually peace is restored, and they camp at the edge of a wood, making themselves temporary bough huts, in which they light a fire to smoke the meat and themselves alike. No ventilation is attempted, and the smoke emerges

through the hole left to crawl in at, and at any other crevice it can find. Breakfast and a pipe over, work is resumed and kept up until evening, when we descend to a stream trickling down an adjacent valley, and enlarging now and again into a deep pool, into one of which we plunge and enjoy a delightful swim. In the morning we had given a Hottentot boy, who was one of our party, directions to make himself a comfortable roofed hut for a kitchen, with one thought for his comfort, but another for the advantage it would be, when thunder pealed and tropical rain descended, to have a dry kitchen and a store for dry wood. We had likewise intimated that at sunset our dinner should be ready. Returning from our bathe, we find the honest but slothful "John" quietly resting after having erected his idea of a dry hut.

He is wrapped in contemplation and a coat of which he is very proud, though it is much too big for him, and although the cooking pots around suggest new bread and a stew, there is an absence of aroma when a lid is uplifted, and we realize, if we want dinner punctually, we must not trust to a Hottentot's idea of time. Some months afterwards the same "John," having accumulated wages, astonished us one day by appearing with a fine gold watch and chain, which he had been inveigled into buying by a driver going down country, and winding it up with a bowie knife. His idea of telling the time by it was, if asked, to first appear not to hear while he turned his eyes sunwards, and, then, having made

a guess at the time by the altitude of the heaven's luminary, to appear to read it from the face of the watch. It was disappointing to find his prized possession failed to alter his inability to hurry or be in time under any circumstances whatever, and I doubt whether the near proximity of a serpent or even a wounded lion would have had an appreciable effect in quickening his movements. Being fond of music, his outfit, when



ANCIENT GOLD GRINDING STONE.

leaving Palapye, comprised a concertina, which I was forced to borrow and stuff with paper if sleep was to be thought of. But as like cures like, the remedy of removing the same when he returned to the bosom of his family, and he could produce unlimited discord to the edification of all his acquaintances, caused us to part with the impression left on his mind that I was an admirable medicine man, and could repair the most wheezy of instruments to perfection.

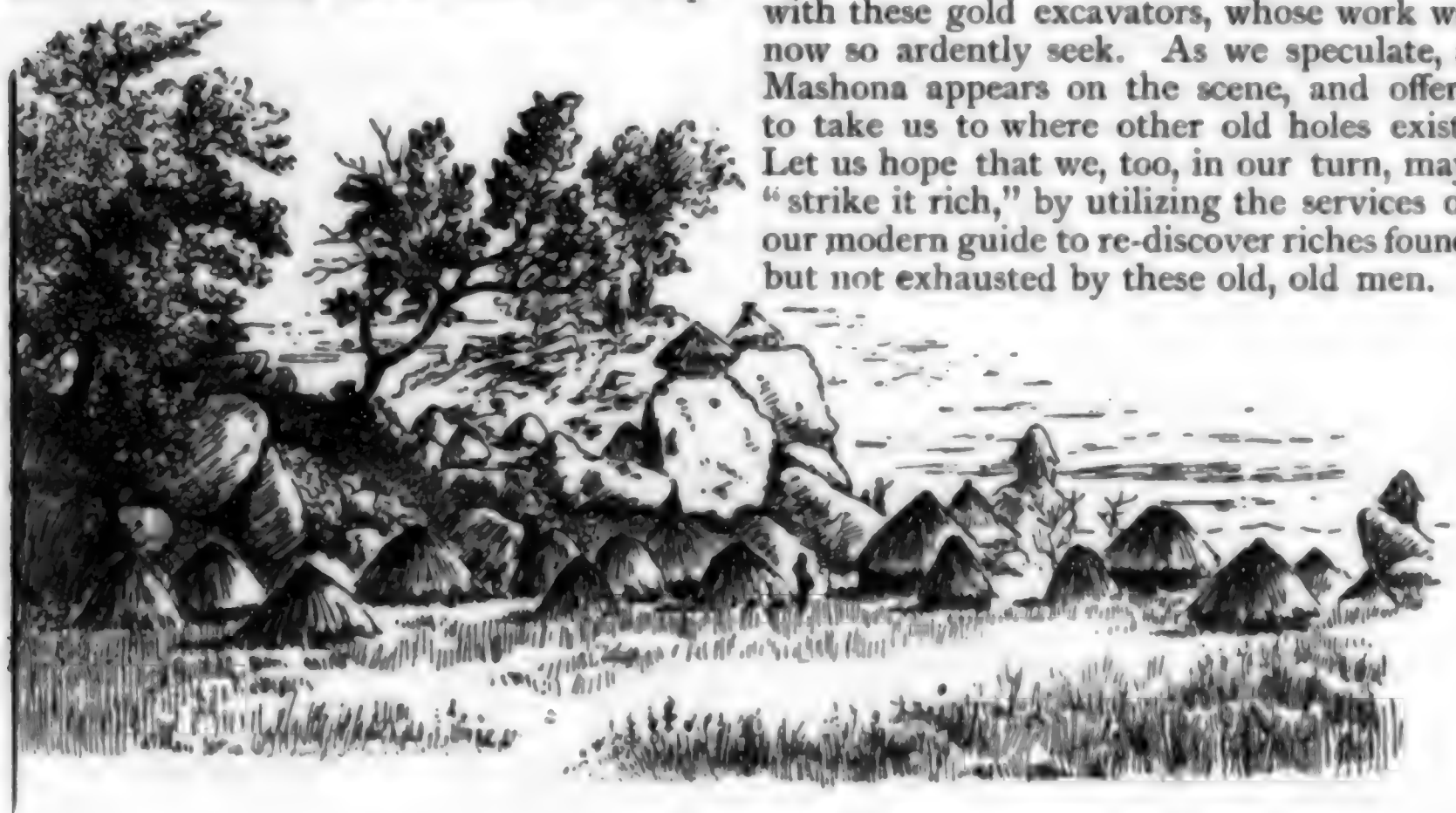
Our huts completed, and, I am sorry to say, the game in the immediate vicinity driven away by our energetic attempts to shoot enough to pay for our labour in meat, coupled with the fact that we could not strike at any gold good enough to "peg out," caused us to abandon, for a time at any rate, our first settlement, and flit elsewhere.

Treking again becomes the order of the day, and, rumours having reached us that Hartley Hill and its neighbourhood still affords opportunity to secure reefs, we turn westward and again halt at a picturesque kraal. Around it are mealy fields and high grass, which almost hide the huts nestling beneath large granite boulders, overtopped with trees, giving a shelter from the noon-day sun. On the boulders, so as to be secure from the ravages of the white ant, or any animal that could enter them by subterranean approaches, are perched the granaries. These are an agglomeration of cells, holding each only a few pounds of grain, which can only be got at by removing one of the lids, kept hermetically sealed with clay, the whole being covered with a circular grass thatch supported by a few poles.

Not only are the granaries diminutive, but the houses, which are often merely of circular basket-work, with a tiny door and a grass roof, are so likewise. Not much larger than well-grown donkeys, are the cattle, which scramble up to be secured for the night in a tiny yard. The sheep, goats, and fowls are all correspondingly diminutive, the birds having less flesh on them than an English bantam.

As we approach Hartley Hill, we see stakes freshly peeled and marked with a name, number, and date, as we ride off the beaten track, and realize that some one at least believes that he has "struck oil." At every fifty yards, in a straight line, they occur, and walking along towards the centre, we come across a hole several feet deep.

Around it is scattered whitish quartz, which seems to have been many a year lying on the surface, and some of this shows signs of having recently been broken. Its not much to look at, this find of our immediate predecessor; but the work done shows that someone before him had evidently moved a large quantity of stone for some purpose or other. We take up a piece or two and examine it carefully, and at length our patience is rewarded by seeing a minute yellow speck or two on a freshly broken surface. Ah, here it is at last, visible gold, but it is a sad descent from our hope-built pedestal, to realize that such an insignificant particle is all we may reasonably hope to find. Then we recall the fact told us by an expert, that only half-an-ounce of gold per ton of stone mined and crushed, is about the average production of the gold mines of the world. Much of this, too, is invisible to the eye, so our speck or two in a pound chunk of stone is not so very bad after all. We wonder, as we note how old seems the original excavation, what people they were who worked it. Here, half buried in the soil, is a granite stone, with a smooth, indented, saucer-like depression in the centre, clearly a mortar of the former toilers, who reduced the stone to powder by rubbing it between two stones. Were they slaves, these humble mill hands, who could have crushed only a few pounds a day by their primitive apparatus? Were their masters Arabs or Phœnicians, or of a still more remote antiquity? Buildings of strange design exist at Zimbabwe and elsewhere, probably co-existent with these gold excavators, whose work we now so ardently seek. As we speculate, a Mashona appears on the scene, and offers to take us to where other old holes exist. Let us hope that we, too, in our turn, may "strike it rich," by utilizing the services of our modern guide to re-discover riches found but not exhausted by these old, old men.



WE MEET ONCE MORE.

WORDS BY EDWARD OXENFORD.

MUSIC BY WILLIAM JOHN HAWKEN.

Andante. *p*

VOICE. *p*

1. We
2. When

PIANO. *p* *un poco rit.* *p a tempo.*

meet once more in af - ter years, When part - ed hands a - gain en - fold ; And
sor - row dies, then joy is sweet ; And so it is with us to - day, When

smiles are seen in place of tears, For now the new shall be the old ! We
lips the self - same words re - peat We spoke in years so far a - way ! The

un poco rit.

Ped. *

a tempo. cres.

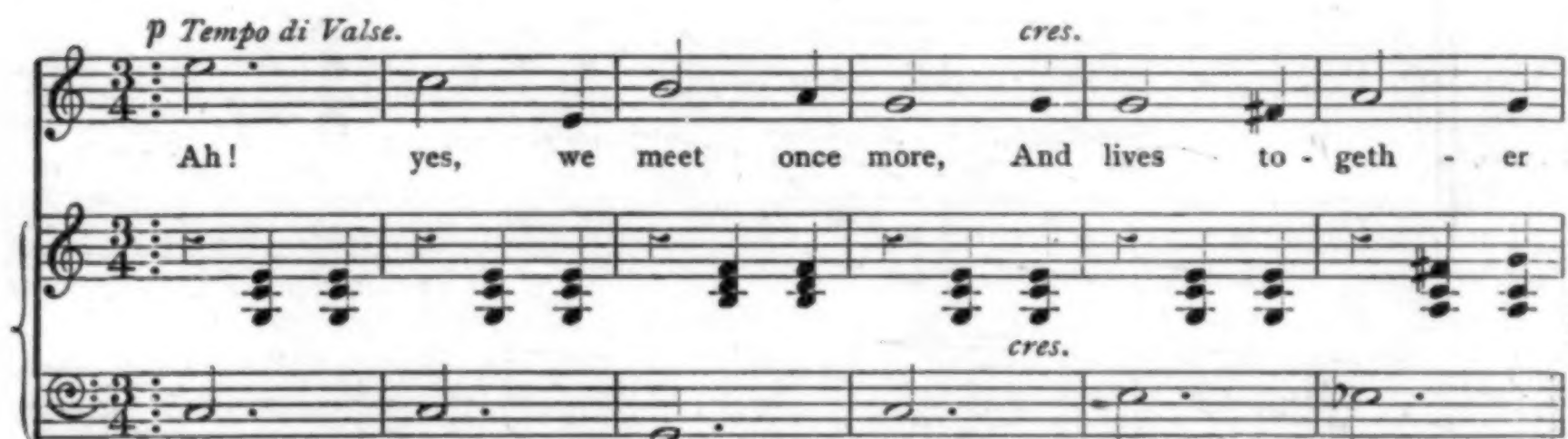
did not know that you nor I, That life would e'er this meeting see ; For
sea - sons may have come and gone, And time out-wrought its rest-less will, 'Tis

a tempo. cres. *cres.*

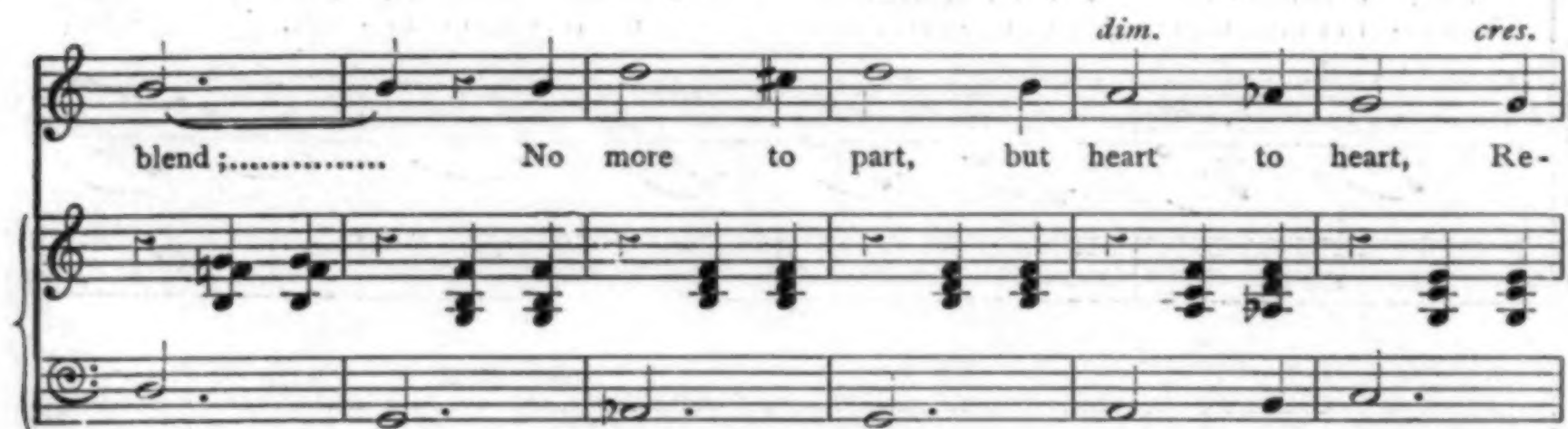


hope - less seem'd that last good-bye, When breath'd by you, love, and by me!.....
we who are un - chang'd a-lone, We lov'd of old, are lov-ing still!.....

p Tempo di Valse.



Ah! yes, we meet once more, And lives to - geth - er



blend ;..... No more to part, but heart to heart, Re -

1st time.



- main till comes the end!..... - main till



comes the end.....

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Printed for the Proprietors by BLADES, EAST & BLADES, 22, Abchurch Lane, and Leonard Street, Finsbury, London, E.C.